

MAY 25,
1940

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CORN TO KILL—The Life and Battles of Collishaw, Canadian War Ace
PRIMES WE DARE NOT TALK ABOUT by Joseph F. Timilty, Boston Police Commissioner

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

PLAYING THE FARMERS FOR SUCKERS



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

Santa Claus has come to Washington in a big way—for the farmers. Some of them may be fooled by the handouts that will be bestowed on them during this election year.

The administration wants their votes. A huge sum of money, in the neighborhood of a billion dollars, has been set aside for gratuities to the farmers who comply with the conditions set forth by Secretary Wallace's group of brain trusters.

Just why the farmers should be chosen for charitable consideration is not clear to anybody. There are undoubtedly plenty of other occupations in which governmental support would be welcome.

Secretary Wallace tells the farmers that certain payments are coming to them if they will carefully follow the "teacher's" instructions. Our farmers are apparently classed at the schoolboy age. They are supposed to need instruction, direction, and they are told not only what to raise but are given details of the procedure, and those who are able to keep at the head of the class win the prizes. Many farmers thoroughly realize that this money which is being handed out so freely becomes a part of a huge national indebtedness which is growing to the extent of thousands of millions each year.

The rules for the farmers competing for the prizes are clearly set forth. The Department of Agriculture attempts to control the acreage of various products. If you comply with the request made, you come in the prize-winning class. If you fail to carefully obey, you are penalized.

Constitutional restrictions and legal enactments are apparently given but little attention by our agricultural experts. They give the farmer certain financial rewards provided he adheres to the acreage allotted to him, although if he should plant more he loses favor—and cash.

Undoubtedly the various bureaus set up by the government have valuable information that ought to be passed on to the farmers, but there is no reason why they should be treated like school children. They are usually upstanding, dependable, intelligent citizens, and the attitude assumed toward them should be the same as toward other groups of our citizens.

To be sure, the farmers suffered severely in

former years because of the manipulation of middlemen. Frequently a large shipment would be sent to a commission merchant and the sale of the products would not even cover the freight bill. The farmer, instead of receiving cash would be sent a bill for freight shortage.

The difference between the price of the product paid by the consumer and that received by the farmer has often been grotesque. The difference frequently amounted to several hundred per cent to the farmer's disadvantage.

But the procedure now followed by the government, of borrowing billions of dollars and handing it out here, there, and everywhere, represents a scandalous misuse of power. Billions are spent at the behest of certain political groups, apparently without giving any thought to the necessity of a balanced budget. "Priming the pump" proved to be a colossal failure.

The interests of the farmers should be given the same careful consideration and protection to which all the citizens of this country are entitled, but farmers can stand on their own feet, take care of themselves far better than workers in other fields of endeavor, if the laws of the land are properly observed. The farmers do not need to be coddled, babied, and taken care of like hothouse flowers.

Some of them may be inclined to favor the administration with their votes, due to the financial favors they are receiving this year, but those who have studied governmental problems are well aware that all the money they have received has been borrowed by the government and will have to be paid back some day, if our nation remains solvent. It may be returned in direct taxation, or it may come under the head of hidden taxes, which are most clearly illustrated in a loaf of bread, for which we formerly paid five cents but which now is costing us from ten to fifteen cents.

Whatever amount is received by the farmers in the various states of this Union represents an indebtedness on the part of our citizens. This mortgage may be passed on to our children or our children's children, and when the suspicion is aroused that these hundreds of millions might be used in many cases to influence voters for a favorite candidate, we have good reason to be seriously concerned.

Bernarr Macfadden

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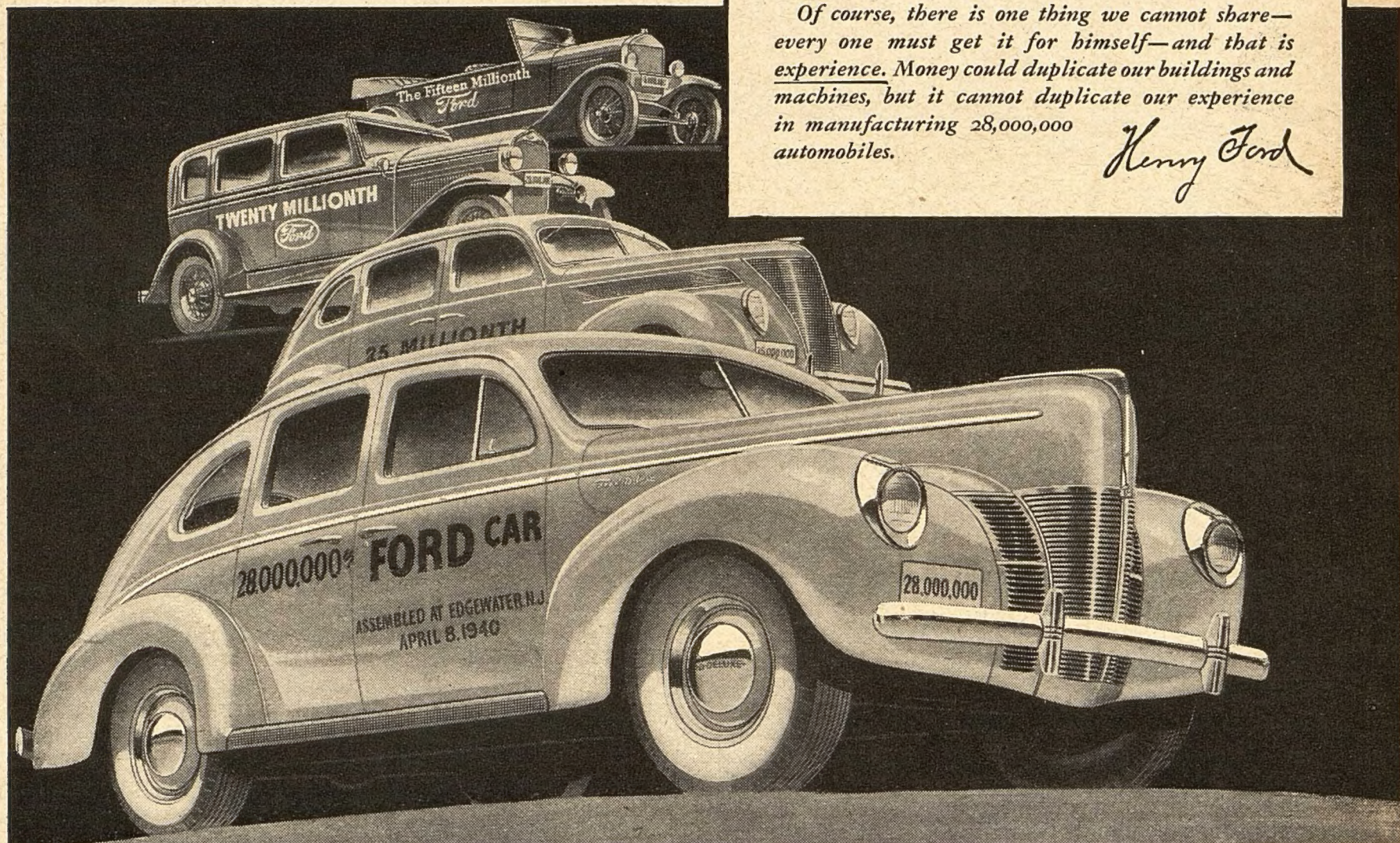
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THE TWENTY-EIGHT MILLIONTH FORD CAR

We have always believed that before business could be good for one, it must be good for all. Our discoveries and improvements have always been open for other manufacturers without patent restrictions.

Of course, there is one thing we cannot share—every one must get it for himself—and that is experience. Money could duplicate our buildings and machines, but it cannot duplicate our experience in manufacturing 28,000,000 automobiles.

Henry Ford



Behind the 28 millionth Ford car, which came off the line April 8, 1940, are other famous Ford "millionth cars": the 25 millionth, produced Jan. 18, 1937; the 20 millionth, April 14, 1931; and the 15 millionth Model T, May 6, 1927. THIRTEEN MILLION CARS IN THIRTEEN YEARS!

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No other maker even approaches this total. No other has so many cars on the road today.

How has it been done?

Not by building a "cheap" car. People do not go on buying a "cheap" product for 37 years.

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Not by monopolistic methods. Henry Ford has always encouraged competition. He has made his company's inventions available without charge to any one who wanted to adopt them.

Free competition in the industry has presented a constant challenge to find ways of offering better and better value to the public.

The Ford Motor Company holds the lead in total number of cars built and sold because it has met this challenge with more than ordinary vision and skill—backed by a set of business principles which the American people respect and approve.

As these 28,000,000 cars have been produced, the company's experience has continued to accumulate. Its facilities have continued to increase. Profits have been consistently turned back into the business to provide still greater value.

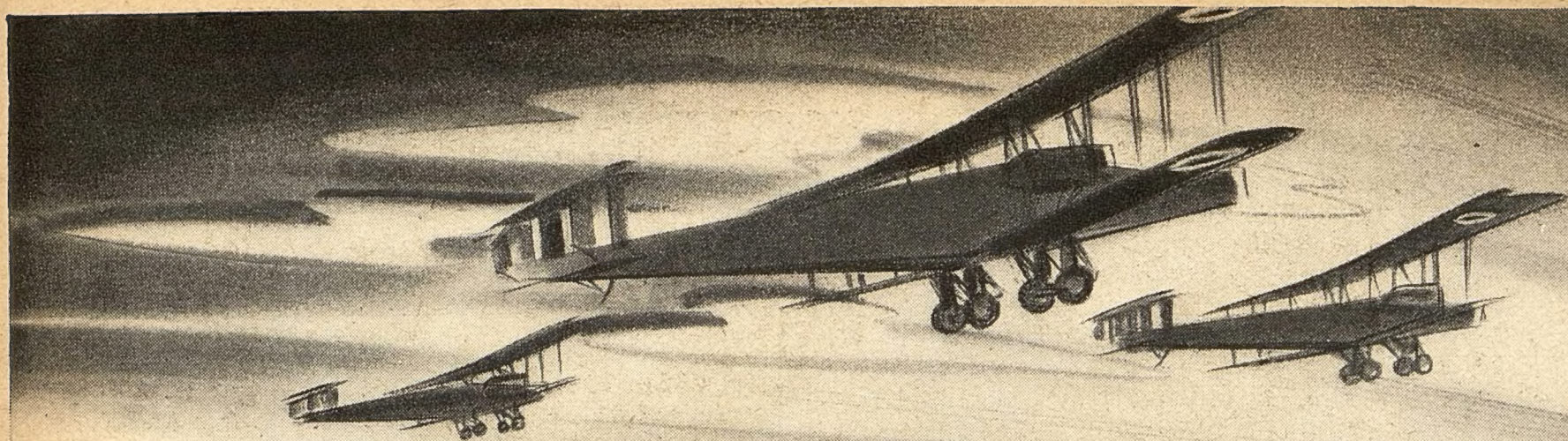
The Ford Motor Company today knows how to build a better car than it has ever built—it has the resources to build it—and it is building it.

In the brief time it takes you to read this, half a dozen of the finest Ford cars ever built—part of the twenty-ninth million—will come off the assembly lines.

Visit the new Ford Expositions at the two Fairs, New York and San Francisco, 1940



FORD MOTOR COMPANY



Born to KILL

THE LIFE AND BATTLES OF COLLISHAW, CANADIAN WAR ACE

PART ONE—BLACK DEATH AND THE RED CIRCUS

BY ALAN HYND

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THIS Collishaw is really something.

Today, as Hitler bombs Norwegian towns from bases in helpless Denmark, and grimly ponders a large-scale aerial campaign over Britain, he must reckon with a deceptively quiet forty-seven-year-old Canadian—Air Commodore Raymond Collishaw. For he knows that this man from British Columbia, trouble shooter of the Royal Flying Corps, is in his *twenty-fifth* year of killing in the air, which makes him far and away the most experienced and most dangerous of all sky fighters.

That story you may have read in the newspapers a few months ago about nine British planes beating the wings off twenty-seven German ships wasn't propaganda. It was Collishaw.

For this D'Artagnan of the Dominion is not only flying himself; he's reaching into an unrivaled bag of tricks in aerial combat and distributing them to young Canadian and British pilots.

If there is going to be action in the Near East, Hitler will have to reckon with Collishaw there, too. For the Canadian has a roving assignment, and he knows the Near East as you know your own neighborhood.

Even the great Billy Bishop, Canada's White Knight, hasn't the record that Collishaw has. Collishaw in the World War was officially credited with

bagging sixty enemy planes, while René Fonck got seventy-five and Bishop seventy-two.

But Billy Bishop stopped fighting at the armistice, whereas Collishaw went right on flying to kill—with Denikin's White Army in Russia; in Persia in 1920, when the Reds were attempting to penetrate that country from the north; in Mesopotamia, against the rebellious Arabs there; and in Pales-

He fights again!—Beginning the swift and colorful saga of a D'Artagnan of the sky

tine, during the Arab-Jewish trouble.

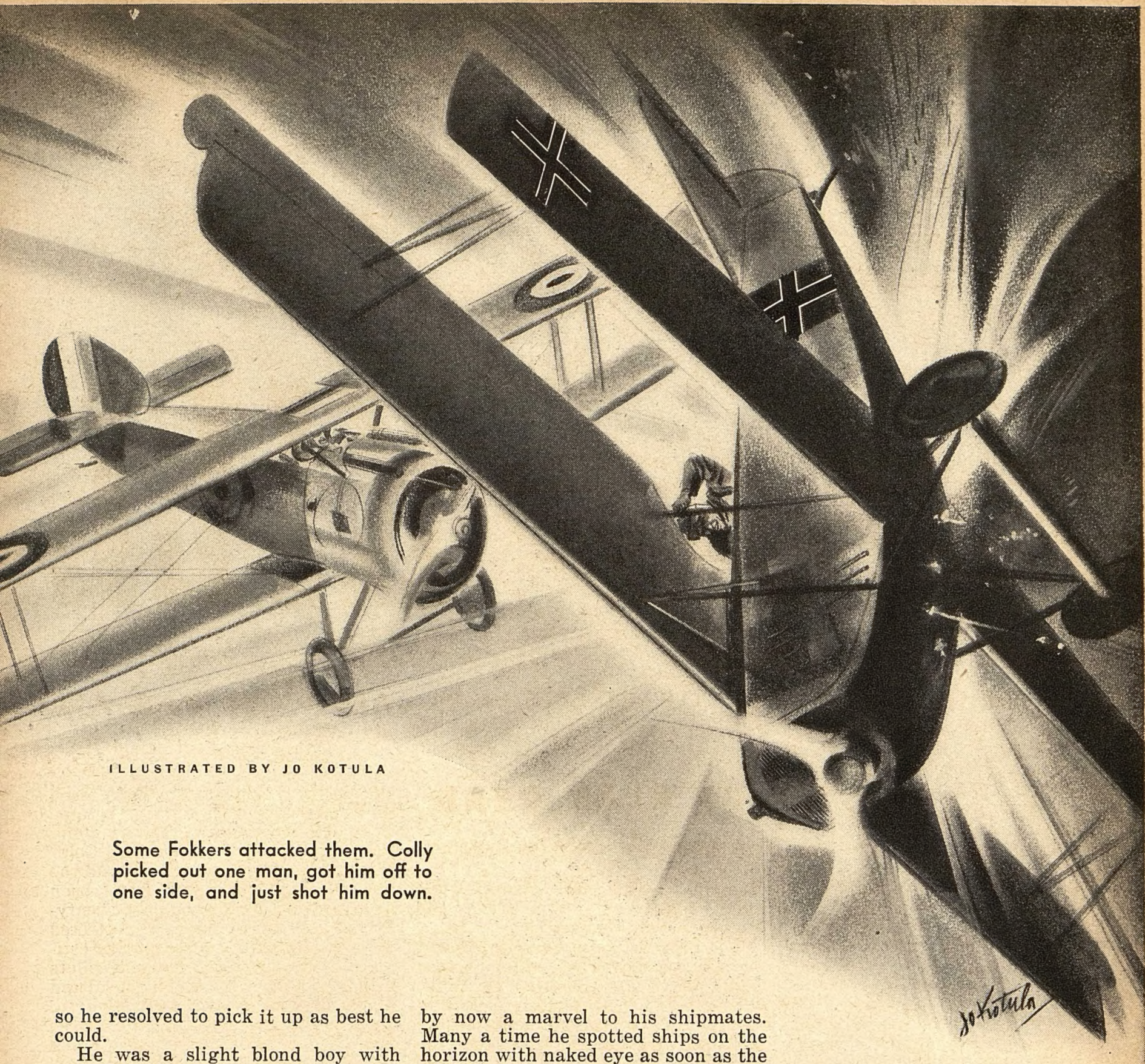
After his Holy Land service, Collishaw, who had risen to the rank of wing commander, alternated between R. F. C. headquarters and posts in Egypt and other territory beyond the seas wherever there was trouble. Last July he was elevated to the rank of commodore, equivalent to brigadier in the army; and at the outbreak of the war he began commuting between Egypt and England to train flyers.

In Ottawa and other key Canadian cities I have talked with men who fought with him, and with R. F. C.

officers just arrived who have seen him in recent weeks—and it became clear to me why there is a story going the rounds that if Commodore Collishaw were to wear at one time all the medals and bars that have been awarded him during the past twenty-five years, he would be "protected from the rain." A conservative estimate of the number of enemy pilots he has shot down, based on official and unofficial counts, is *three hundred*. He himself came down in flames three times when he led his famed Black Death Squadron in the World War, but the gods were with him.

The gods, in fact, have been with Colly, as other officers call him, since the day he was born in Nanaimo, British Columbia, November 22, 1893, one of several children in a middle-class family. His roots went back to England, and he came of hardy pioneering stock. His father, a tradesman, and his brothers and sisters had easily adjusted themselves to the little seaport town on Vancouver Island. The ships from far-off places that tied up at Nanaimo were taken for granted by the Collishaws—except Raymond. He was forever running down to the docks to look over the ships that had just come in, and perhaps to be taken aboard them by friendly seamen.

When he was twelve, Raymond announced to his somewhat startled family that he was going to be a sailor. The family couldn't afford to send him anywhere to study navigation,



ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA

Some Fokkers attacked them. Colly picked out one man, got him off to one side, and just shot him down.

so he resolved to pick it up as best he could.

He was a slight blond boy with oversized blue eyes, given to thought rather than speech. He sent for books on navigation and got some old charts from seamen. During summer vacations he became an expert hunter and fisherman. Like Billy Bishop, he had remarkable eyesight and could spot distant objects that his companions could see only through binoculars.

At fifteen he quit school and took a berth as a seaman on a boat sailing between Victoria and Skagway, Alaska. Representatives of the entire scale of the social ladder were still sailing to the Yukon in those days, and it wasn't long before young Colly was remarkably adept at reading character at first glance. His quarters on the boat were stuffed with volumes on navigation, history, biography, and adventure. He was getting his education the hard way, but he was getting it.

When he was seventeen—a serious, silent kid if ever you saw one—he was made second officer. His eyesight was

by now a marvel to his shipmates. Many a time he spotted ships on the horizon with naked eye as soon as the man in the crow's-nest did through his glass. Life at sea had also developed a natural stamina, and while the slim young second officer didn't look the part of a pugilist, he "took" many a much bigger man in friendly boxing bouts.

Three years on the Alaskan run merely whetted his thirst for adventure. At home, visiting his folks, he heard that Robert Falcon Scott was planning an expedition to the South Pole. "I'm going with him," he announced as calmly as if he had decided to go out for a walk around the block.

Colly bearded Scott in his lair at Vancouver. The middle-aged explorer was taken with the youth's confidence. "You'll need a junior navigating officer such as myself, sir," said Raymond.

"But you may never come back, son," said Scott. "This is to be a dangerous undertaking."

Raymond smiled. "I'll come back all right, sir," he said. Then he grew

serious. "You see, there will be other things to do."

And so Raymond Collishaw, aged seventeen, expert at charting land courses from the stars, set out late in 1910 with the expedition that the stars were not to shine on. For, as all the world knows, Scott himself and a few of his advance party reached the Pole on January 18, 1912—but on the return journey they perished. The men back at the base, Raymond Collishaw among them, faced oblivion in the swirling white of the Antarctic.

"Never mind," said Collishaw. "I'll get you back." The chief navigating officer had perished with Scott; now these survivors had to depend upon this kid.

Colly hadn't sat up nights studying navigation for nothing. He quietly scanned the stars and drew his charts,

and in the spring of 1912 a small band of men, bedraggled but alive, showed up in Vancouver. Thereupon the others began to tell how he had saved their lives. Colly reacted to the spotlight that first time just as he still does to this day. He ducked out. He went on a long fishing trip. When he came back and found that he was being mentioned for the Arctic Ribbon—a Canadian decoration bestowed only for rare courage—he threw up his hands and went on a hunting trip!

He finally accepted the ribbon, however. Then he went back to the sea, sailing the Alaska route again, this time with the Canadian Fishing Protection Service. He was twenty when the World War broke out in 1914. Like many other Canadian boys, he didn't think it would last long. He hadn't gone to a military college, and therefore couldn't go in as an officer. By the time he would have a chance to earn his spurs and get into some real action, the thing would be over.

WHEN he realized he had been wrong, he quit seamanship and got on a boat as a passenger. The boat was sailing for England. This was in 1915.

The lives of Collishaw and Bishop were to parallel more than once. Like Bishop, this other Canadian boy had never even been in a plane when he hit England. His original idea had been to enlist in the Grand Fleet, but it occurred to him that the air would offer a new experience. So he enlisted in the Royal Naval Air Service, not yet merged with the Royal Flying Corps.

The boy from British Columbia took to the air as he had taken to the water. In January, 1916, he qualified as a pilot. His first work was patrolling the English Channel. Several months of this proved utterly uneventful. He began hearing stories about Richthofen, the Red Knight of Germany, and sometimes asked himself if he had joined up with the right outfit.

In August, 1916, he succeeded in getting transferred to the No. 3 Wing of "the Silent Service," as the naval fighting unit was called. This wing was operating in France far to the south of the front. Its work was essentially long-range bombing. Colly's job was to go out as scout with the bombers as they took off early mornings for flights several hundred miles into German territory. Such scouts were not supposed to leave the bigger ships under any circumstances; just to fight off attackers. Consequently the young Canadian didn't get into a real wing-to-wing scrap for three months.

Colly made his first sky killing look simple. It was on October 12, 1916, and he and some of the boys had escorted half a dozen heavily loaded bombers over the Mauser rifle factory at Oberndorf. On the way, some Fokkers attacked them. Colly picked out one man, got him off to one side, and just shot him down. He was singularly unimpressed by this first victory.

Thirteen days later he was fifty miles back of Three Wing's base, having gone back there to get a new plane. After testing it, he started for the drome. Suddenly, from the top of a cloud bank, six Fokkers popped into the clear and came at him. He was a mile up at the time and they were a thousand feet above him. So he dived, almost in a straight line. Then he began to level off, not far above the treetops. The German machines were almost on his tail—but they had to level off too. Now they no longer had the advantage of height.

Colly made a lightning hairpin turn and put his initials on the ship nearest him. It went into the trees and caught fire. One of the five others had somehow gotten off to one side. He went after that one and sent a drumful of lead right into its tail, and it was a mass of flames a few moments later. When he turned around, he saw the four remaining Fokkers streaking homeward.

Thousands of French soldiers in the trenches near by witnessed this one-to-six affair, and the boy from Vancouver Island was awarded the Croix de Guerre for it.

Two days before Christmas, on his way back from a bombing party, he mixed it with a German until each, badly damaged, decided to call it a day. The Canadian had barely succeeded in gliding over his own lines when his ship went out of control three hundred feet from the ground. A tree broke its fall, and Colly landed right in a pile of wreckage. He stumbled out a moment or two before the wreckage turned into an inferno.

STILL itching for life-and-death action, he was restricted to scouting work. Most of the action in the air was taking place some two hundred miles north of where the boy from British Columbia was "stuck," as he later termed his predicament.

It wasn't until February, 1917, that he was shifted to No. 3 Naval Squadron, operating near Cambrai. He had been on that job just a month when, while convoying a couple of artillery observers, he found himself suddenly pounced upon by three enemy craft. The first inkling he had that all was not right was when a bullet ricocheted off his instrument board and took the glass out of his goggles, depositing most of the pieces in his eyes.

Colly was really in for it. He knew better than to rub his eyes, yet the splinters of glass all but blinded him. Fighting was useless. He pulled his stick every possible way, hoping to make himself a difficult target. His plane was riddled from propeller to rudder, but somehow none of the bullets hit him.

At length he leveled off and streaked straight ahead, and presently he sensed that he had outdistanced his pursuers. There was still enough of that glass in his eyes to make everything look pretty foggy. He was able to get a general idea of the landscape below him, however, and after half an hour he saw a landing field.

He made a good landing, whipped a handkerchief from his pocket, and began to pick the fragments of glass out. When he had removed enough of them to see where he was, he found himself gazing on parked ships bearing big black crosses. He had landed in a German airdrome!

It happened that the German boys were all at mess at the time. They had heard the plane land, and naturally expected its pilot to show up in the mess quarters. A couple of them were popping out to see what was delaying their comrade.

As yells went up, Colly started taxiing off. The ground gunners were just swinging into action when he shot out of range. Eventually he got home. Those remarkable eyes had been only superficially injured. Had he rubbed them, however, the result might have been permanent blindness.

He didn't learn until later that he had chalked up his fourth victory that day. After being temporarily blinded, he had not only careened around but fired his machine gun, merely to cover up his dire plight. Nevertheless, according to men below in the trenches, some of his bullets had brought one of the Germans down in flames! This is probably the only instance on record of a blind man killing an enemy in the sky.

Action. Action! Action!! Where was it? Colly wasn't getting enough to suit him. This Richthofen was well on his way to fifty victories, and Colly himself had just four! Meanwhile, William George Barker of Dauphin, Manitoba, and other Canadian boys were already glorified by chalk on R. F. C. blackboards, and that aroused Colly's friendly sporting instinct. He'd have to run up a real score so he could pass them and josh them later, back in Canada, when the war was over—if they went back. It never occurred to Colly that *he* mightn't go back! His previous adventures had left in him something like a feeling of invincibility.

IN April, 1917, he was transferred to No. 10 Naval Squadron, operating out of Dunkirk. Here he streaked along the Belgian coast with the Grand Fleet, and air-guarded offensive patrols near Zeebrugge, the Belgian port that the Germans had made their major submarine base.

On May 12, Colly introduced something new in aerial warfare—a tactic that is now being employed with marked success over England and Scotland. He was accompanying warships that were to bombard Zeebrugge at long range. Some German planes came out and attempted to bomb them. Colly's job was to drive the planes off but not chase them. He kicked over the traces that day, though—picked on three of them at once and chased them down the coast as far as Ostend, knocking them off one by one.

That feat established him as a fighting pilot of the stamp sorely needed right then, for the British were getting ready to attack the seemingly impregnable Messines Ridge, and

wanted the air cleared of German machines. Late in May, he was transferred to No. 10 Squadron, Eleventh Wing of the Royal Flying Corps.

Promoted to the rank of lieutenant by this time, Colly had a little to say about who would make up his flight—B. He looked around and found four Canadian boys: Ellis Reid of Toronto, J. E. Sharman of Winnipeg, J. E. Nash of Hamilton, and Martin Alexander of Toronto. All four were within a year of Colly's age; all had originally flown with the Naval Air Service and all had, like Colly, been transferred because they had distinguished themselves in some way.

ONE of the four piped up with a suggestion to Lieutenant Collishaw. "We're all here to fight, sir," he said, "but we might as well have a little fun too, don't you think?"

"Meaning what?" asked Colly.

"This Richthofen's squadron has red planes. I don't suppose our whole squadron would go in for anything so distinctive—but just the five in our flight could."

The result was a strange sight at the Ten Squadron drome two days later. Five Sopwith triplanes stood side by side, painted dead black save for small white letters spelling out the names of the ships and their pilots as follows:

Black Maria, Collishaw; Black Roger, Reid; Black Death, Sharman; Black Sheep, Nash; Black Prince, Alexander.

The Black Death Flight, as it came to be called, promptly went to town. On the first day of June, 1917, it flew over France and Belgium from dawn to dusk. The five boys fought over Lille, St. Julien, Menin, and the St. Eloi craters. They were constantly in German territory. They got into dog-fights, they ran into ambushes in the clouds, they mixed it in wing-to-wing combat.

A week passed. The Black Death quintet appeared to have charmed lives. They'd come in with their ships riddled, and once in a while one of them would shake bullets out of the folds of his coat; but that was as close as the Germans came to getting them.

They used to sit around at night, killing a bottle, talking of Canada, perhaps joining in an off-key ballad around a tinny piano. One thing they never did, and that was talk about death. Yet all the while each one knew what the other four must be thinking: This was too good to last. Who would be the first to go?

On June 6 the whole British front along the Messines Ridge was jittery. Zero hour was 3.10 o'clock on the morning of the seventh. The ridge, long held by the enemy, was the key position to the Flanders plain. Smashing it seemed impossible. But British engineers had long been undermining it, and into the mines had been stuffed more than a million pounds of high explosive.

The explosion went off as planned. There seemed to be one sheet of flame.

In a twinkling the ridge's German garrison vanished from the face of the earth. By seven in the morning British troops had gone over what was left of the fortifications.

Colly and the Black Death Flight were on the job early, ranging the big guns that were being moved forward. Over St. Julien they got into a dog-fight with some Halberstadts. Colly himself shot down three of the enemy in thirty minutes.

After that, he slipped off to one side, taking time out to see how the other black planes were doing. They were doing all right. The boys waved to him. Then he saw Nash in the Black Sheep getting into trouble. There was a German above him and one below, both going for him. He had been taken off his guard while waving to Colly.

Nash did the only thing possible.



Youthful but deadly: The Collishaw of 1917 in his plane, "Black Maria."

He made a lightning inside loop, and two drumfuls of German lead went wild. At that point Colly, who had been above and behind the two attackers, sailed into the scrap. He plummeted down and aimed his twin Vickers at the machine nearest him. Nash did another loop and came down above the second adversary. Both kids from Canada scored, and they saluted each other and grinned as the two Halberstadts went down.

Along in June, even the thought of death seemed to have fled from the quarters of the Black Death Flight. Those five boys didn't go in for the spectacular stuff; they fought with icy, deadly precision. Colly's score went up from fifteen enemy ships to eighteen, to twenty-one, to twenty-three. On June 24, Reid had eighteen bagged, Sharman eleven, Nash eight, and Alexander six.

After Colly's own score had passed twenty his name began to be mentioned in the trenches. Maybe the Distinguished Service Cross, which came his way during the month of June, had something to do with it. At any rate, the Tommies got in the habit of keeping their eyes peeled for the five black ships as they streaked into the east, looking for trouble.

It was on June 26 that they found plenty—Richthofen and a dozen of his gang. Besides the Red Knight's own machine, one other stood out from all the rest. It was a Spandau painted a brilliant green. Colly knew it was piloted by Lieutenant Karl Allmenroeder, at the moment second only to Richthofen in German victories.

What followed was a dogfight from the beginning. Colly mixed it with Richthofen himself until both turned on other adversaries. The scrap lasted about fifteen minutes. Colly would glance around every so often and see if he could count four other black ships. He could—until, toward the end of the scrap, he saw one of them spinning down, hideously out of control. He couldn't tell which one it was. Circling over it like a bird of prey was the green Spandau.

Blind with rage, Colly took after Allmenroeder's green ship. But Richthofen had given the signal for a run-out powder, and presently the Germans were out of reach. Colly sat up there for a little while with tears in his eyes. When the boys checked in at the drome, it proved to be Nash who was missing. Nobody said anything. The four went inside and Colly poured the toasts. They drank to Nash without speaking his name.

Colly didn't sleep that night. Next morning, early, the quartet went eastward. For hours they scoured the skies. They saw many German ships, but not the one they were looking for. Then at noon Colly waggled his wings frantically to his three comrades. They said later that they couldn't make out what he was pointing to, over toward Lille. Those remarkable eyes of his saw a ship in the distance—and it was painted bright green!

He and the others went for it. As they drew closer, they saw half a dozen more ships. Outnumbered again. But what of it? They kept right on.

NEXT day, in a German prison camp, a badly injured man on a cot heard church bells tolling. His guard, who spoke English, said they tolled for the funeral of a great and gallant fighter—Lieutenant Allmenroeder. "He was killed over Lille yesterday," said the German, "by the leader of what they call the Black Death Flight."

The prisoner asked if he could have a drink. "I want to give a toast," he said. The guard brought him the drink, and he lifted the glass to his lips. "To Allmenroeder," he said. Then he added: "And to Colly!"

And then the prisoner—Lieutenant Nash—drained his glass!

How was Nash of the dreaded Black Death Flight to fare in the enemy's hands? What Richthofen Circus performer, now famous—or infamous—was to threaten him with a headsmen's ax and then intercede for him? And how was Colly to worst that Circus, and to fight on in mounting glory to the war's end and after? A saga if ever there was one! Don't miss the part of it in Liberty next week!

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

MARY saw him first. She had made Dick build their tar-paper shack so that one of the kitchen windows faced east to get the morning sun, and as she sat sewing in the barrel chair beside the stove she looked off at the mountains twelve miles away.

The air was unusually clear even for Arizona in March. She could just distinguish a moving speck on the mountainside, dark against the green-gray backdrop of the sage. It was below the Notch, where the trail crossed the mountains, but she wasn't sure it was a man, and not a steer, until she caught a tiny flash of reflected sunlight — from the man's badge or the pony's bit.

She fixed her needle in the cloth with the absorbed care of preoccupation. Mending didn't matter any more. Nobody had any reason to ride to the Box D, sixty miles from town, except a deputy sheriff bringing the notice of foreclosure. Dick had given fair warning that any one who served that paper had better come heeled.

This man would reach the ranch in about two hours. Dick had told her at breakfast that he would be working around the corral all day. She must keep the two apart if she could; at least keep the notice from reaching Dick's hands. This might be her last and it certainly was her greatest chance to be a good wife to Dick.

A little more than a year ago she had been teaching school. Dick was punching cattle. Now they were the first people who ever had succeeded in running stock the year round in the D-shaped strip of range between the wall of the mountains and the semicircle of the deep river canyon.

It was a big pasture with good grass, but up to a year ago it had been waterless. The river ran a hundred and fifty feet below the level, between precipitous walls of pinkish yellow rock. The only trail down was barely wide enough for one cow at a time, zigzagging, and steep. To blast out a practical road to water was hopelessly expensive.

That set-up had prevented cattlemen from using the strip ever since Indian days; and yet, every year a hint of the scheme by which Dick had succeeded in bringing water up from the river had been printed in the mail-order catalogue. Pete Maxon, whose Bar M controlled the range beyond the mountains, and whose natural boundary was the river canyon, had been thumbing over that item before Dick was born. But Dick was the first to read between the lines.

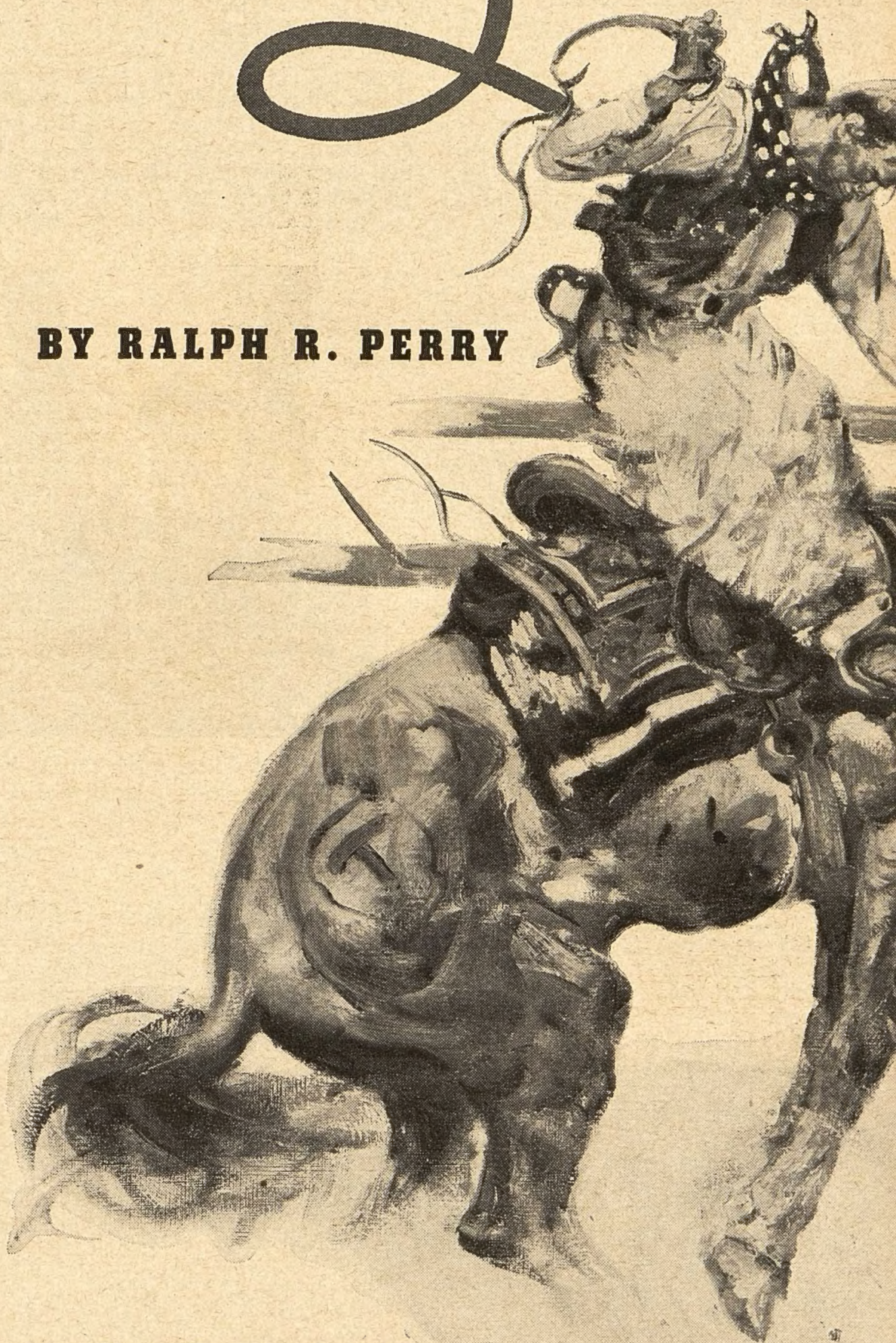
The scheme didn't call for much machinery, but the pipe! Hundreds and hundreds of feet, all anchored to the rock solidly enough to withstand

the spring floods. One tiny air leak anywhere, and the cows would drink the stock tank dry in a day or two.

Mary and Dick had both saved their wages. They could put in the pipe if they squeezed every cent, but to start the Box D they must borrow to get the cattle. Dick tried to get the money from the bank at Ciudad, two hundred miles away. He was refused; his scheme was an experiment, and the bank was too far off to keep close

LIAR'S Luck

BY RALPH R. PERRY



A stirring tale of true love
and a plot that foiled itself

watch on its security, so they referred Dick to Pete Maxon. Pete had the cash, and if anything should go wrong he could foreclose and drive the stock back onto his own range. His proximity practically guaranteed the loan against loss.

The bank's reasoning was sound. Nevertheless, Dick applied to Maxon only because no other local man had money to spare. Old Pete was hard and sharp as a dried cactus spine, and the D-shaped strip would be a mighty welcome extension to the Bar M.

The old cattleman pressed his advantage.

"I'll lend you the money for one year on a chattel mortgage covering

MARY looked off at the man Pete Maxon had sent riding over the mountains with the notice of foreclosure. Her hands clenched in her lap. The pitfall was so obvious to hindsight.

You'll take my word and I'll take a look at that scheme you got. Maybe it won't work well enough to be worth taking over. . . . I can't lose anything. That had been the thought in Pete Maxon's head.

But once the pipes were up, the water spurted into the stock tank continually, month after month. As the first year drew toward its end, Pete denied he had promised to renew the note. On the contrary, he claimed

contraption was comfortable; Dick didn't understand why she disliked a chair because it must be rolled whenever it was moved.

She had Nottingham curtains at the windows, though. She had saved three hundred dollars to buy linen and bedding, as a bride should. Four pairs of curtains were all that she'd purchased.

A metallic *clink, clink, clink*, as regular as a clock's tick, beat through her head. She didn't usually notice the sound of the hydraulic ram after all these months. That was where her hope-chest money had gone—into a steel heart for forty thousand dry acres, and the long, costly arteries of pressure piping.

"Make your water pump itself." That was the hint, printed bold and black in the mail-order catalogue. The idea alone had no value. What was precious was the confidence that had anchored the pipes to hard rock, and the ingenuity which made the ram work, whether the river was a shallow midsummer flow or a spring flood.

She and Dick had done the work. The Box D was made. Now they were losing it because Pete Maxon had baited a young man and his new wife with an ornery lie.

DICK pushed open the kitchen door, blond and tall, whistling Sandy Land through his teeth. He smiled, but she knew by his eyes he'd seen the rider coming. He took the oilcan off the shelf and got some clean rags, like a boy sneaking something past teacher. He was going to clean his gun, out behind the corral where she couldn't see him.

He had strained his right shoulder trying to break a wild stallion, and the arm was still in a sling. Over a year ago he'd sold Dusty, his cutting pony, for seventy-five dollars and a hammerheaded pinto. He'd gotten fed up with that pinto. If he could break the stallion he'd have a real horse again.

"I've seen him too, Dick," Mary said.

Dick stuffed the rags and the oilcan into his pocket and tried to look innocent.

"I'd rather lose our ranch than you, Dick."

Mary stood up. Dick had said once she was prettier standing. Her figure was long-limbed, with small firm breasts. He kissed her, but his expression did not soften. He said:

"I've got to show folks which of us is lying, Mary."

"Shooting at a man proves nothing."

"It does too, Mary. It shows I'm willing to back up what I claim is true the most I possibly can. The folks have got no way to judge between me and Pete except by the way we act in the showdown."

"What can the folks do for us?"

"They can make Pete do what he really promised—if they get their backs up. You know a cattleman can't buck the whole neighborhood. They

The stallion fought, taking punishment to punish the man.



ILLUSTRATED BY
BENTON CLARK

that Dick had asked only for a year's loan, and was welshing on the agreement in order to keep cash in hand for emergencies.

Cash! . . . Everything in the shack reminded Mary how much she and Dick had done without. Their tumblers were sawn from bottles, the way their grandfathers had done when Texas owned cattle but no money. Dick took a loop of string and pulled it back and forth until the glass was hot. Then he plunged the bottle into cold water. Sometimes the bottle would crack all the way round where the string had been, but usually a crack would just start, and he would have to lead it the rest of the way with the point of a hot poker.

Mary rested in a barrel chair instead of a proper rocker. Dick had cut away the upper quarter of a flour barrel and laced in a seat with rawhide. She had tacked burlap sacking to the back, and stuffed in hay. The

both the stock and your improvements, Dick," he had said. "If I see you're making the grade, I'll renew, a year at a time, for four years. If you can't pay out by then you ain't fit to be a cattleman."

"That part is O. K., but it's going to take four years for the calves to grow big enough to sell," Dick objected. "The note reads only one year. What I'm really borrowing on is your word."

"That's what you're doing, all right," Pete agreed. "Why not? Do you want to get married and start your own ranch, or don't you? Take it or leave it."

might bar Pete's outfit from the local round-up, just for instance."

"Which neighbors have promised you they'd do that?"

"None of them, yet. Why should they go off half-cocked? They know Pete's tricky and mean. That don't say he's a liar."

"But, Dick," Mary pleaded, "you've warned Pete. He's bound to pick a deputy that will be a better fighter than you."

"He'll try. . . . I'm going out to the corral, Mary. Remember, honey, that feller has ridden sixty miles to pick a fuss with me. I'll bet he doesn't relish what he's heading into any more than I do. All he stands to win is a fee for serving a paper."

Dick closed the door quietly, finally. Mary walked to the east window. The figure of the rider was larger.

When he was halfway to the ranch, she put mesquite roots into the stove and built up a fire. She was range-bred; all her life, whenever she had seen a stranger approaching she had begun to prepare a meal. Any visitor must have ridden far and was sure to be hungry.

She thought to change routine only when the fire was roaring. She cut off a steak from the meat hanging in the cool-closet under the floor, but instead of a coffeepot she put on the wash boiler. Plenty of hot water might make the difference between a shooting scrape and a killing. The dish towels were clean, and flour sacking was good cloth. She could tear bandages in a jiffy.

She wondered why she didn't feel like crying. She couldn't think clearly; only about little things.

The rider was within two hundred yards of the house before she had an inspiration. She flung open the front door and ran to intercept him.

He raised a hand in greeting. He didn't look like the tough hombre she had visualized, nor did he wear a star. Dust was caked on him; he hadn't shaved for more than a week. His horse had been ridden to exhaustion.

But the pony carried Pete Maxon's Bar M brand.

Rigged out like a saddle tramp to catch us unawares, Mary thought. She said swiftly:

"I'm Mrs. Bassett. Dick's away. Can I do anything for you?"

Maybe he'll serve the notice on me. Maybe that's legal. Pete made me sign the mortgage as well as Dick, Mary thought.

He smiled politely but he shook his head. He was like a cowboy after a long round-up, only tired—a kind of relaxed, hopeful tiredness, as though the work were almost done.

"I want your husband, ma'am. I've got a letter from a friend of his."

She was going to say that Dick would be gone all day, when she caught sight of him out of the tail of her eye, advancing determinedly. The stranger's face brightened, and he called out: "You Dick Bassett? I'm Chalky—uh—Chalky Jones. This letter is for you."

He took the letter out of his hat.

No gesture could have been less warlike, for he held the hat well away from his body and picked the envelope out of the crown with his right thumb and forefinger. Mary snatched the letter. Dick mustn't touch it.

"Ma'am! That's for your husband," Chalky protested mildly. "Now, if you-all will show me where the ford is, I'll be pushing on."

"The ford?" Dick repeated.

"The ford that's somewheres close to your shack," the stranger insisted. "The feller that sent you that letter told me you could set me across the



"The Box D is ours,
and we'll keep it!"

river if you were so minded." Chalky's lips smiled, but his eyes became hard. He added: "You're willing, ain't you?"

"Sure," Dick answered slowly. "You look to me like a posse was sashaying you, but that's no business of mine. The ford's by the corral, right behind the shack."

"But, Dick!" Mary cried out. "It's March! No one can possibly—" "I'll handle this, Mary," he interrupted. "Ride straight ahead, stranger."

Chalky urged the weary pony past Dick. He rode several rods before he twisted around in the saddle.

"Seems like I can't fool nobody," he complained wistfully. "My whis-

kers have growed too long and my horse is too worn out. I've been racin' a posse more'n a week, but I'll be all right once I git across the river. Your side-kick said it was rough country."

"It is," Dick nodded. "Full of hideaways. It's a fact no one will figure that you crossed this ford in March, either. Was that friend of mine an old gent with a sharp nose and a white chin beard clipped to a point?"

"That's right," Chalky grinned.

"Pete Maxon!" Mary exclaimed.

Chalky glanced over his shoulder, but rather at the hills than at the two who followed him on foot. Dick reached out and took the letter from Mary.

"Now you've touched it!" she objected.

"What's the difference?" Dick asked. "It's delivered, ain't it?"

He tore open the envelope, glanced at the paper within, and nodded. Mary had never seen his face so bitter.

Chalky plodded on, his back turned. They were behind the shack now. The brink of the canyon was about a hundred yards ahead, with the start of the narrow trail to the ford showing.

Dick gave Mary a look that said, "Go into the house!" but she stuck close beside him. There was thirty feet of water roiling over the ford. Even in midsummer it ran fetlock deep. Round boulders made the crossing difficult and dangerous.

"My wife's got the stove going," Dick remarked. "Don't you want her to fry you a hot meal?"

Chalky twisted in the saddle and shook his head.

"I seen some men riding through the pass when I looked back just now. That'll be the posse, I reckon."

"I reckon," Dick agreed. He halted, left hand in his waistband, near his gun. Chalky had reined in on the verge of the cliff and was leaning forward. Mary knew what he saw—the furious rush of the flood, the snakes of foam that twisted along walls too steep for a swimming horse to climb, the pipe braced with iron bars set in the living rock, with a collar of foam curling three feet high where the pipe entered the water.

With an involuntary jerk of the reins, Chalky swung the pony away from the edge. His face went from white to red. He cried:

"I can't cross that without meeting Gabriel! Where's the real ford?"

"There is no other," Dick told him. "Not until you ride around the ends of the mountains, back onto Pete Maxon's range."

"Listen, you!" Chalky shrilled. "I've killed a man. I can't ride around or over them mountains on this horse, with a posse in sight! I ain't going to be caught like a rabbit! You're sayin' that hombre you've named Pete Maxon lied to me. Why? He swapped a fresh horse for my worn-out one. If he'd wanted me caught, all he had to do was not swap and the posse would have picked me up near town!"

"Pete lied to us, too," Mary broke in.

"Lemme handle this, Mary. . . . Pete didn't care whether you were caught or not, stranger. He's played you an ornery trick. What you goin' to do about it?"

The unshaven face paled. Chalky twisted the reins around the saddle horn and gripped it with both hands. He looked toward the corral—at the pinto, obviously a cast-off; at the bay stallion, obviously unbroken.

"I dunno," he said. "Will you swap a horse for this one?"

"Maybe," Dick said. "What was in that letter you brought me, Chalky?"

"I dunno. It didn't make no difference to me." The flush crept back over the cheekbones. "I was driftin' south from Laramie, hopin' to pick up a job where spring comes earlier. I sat into a game with only a few dollars. I never had such luck, and the rest were drinking and I wasn't. I won so fast, one of the bunch claimed I must be cheatin', and jumped me."

The weary face twisted with bitterness.

"He was the sheriff's brother. I just got to my horse, and I'd as soon jump in your river as be tried in *that* town. I kept ahead of the posse by swapping horses, usin' the money I'd won for boot, while it held out. Everybody could see I was runnin', and they wanted double prices. When I met this Maxon hombre, I was broke. He offered to swap even, if I'd take a letter to you. I figured I couldn't be worse off, no matter what it said."

"That's what Pete wanted you to think. Fact is, I'd sworn to shoot the man who brought that letter."

The eyes of the two met and locked. Dick added quietly:

"Yes, Pete's that ornery. I reckon he couldn't find a regular deputy willing to undertake the job."

Chalky backed the horse away from the canyon and looked over Dick's head toward the mountains.

"There's four of them fellers," he said. "Well—"

"But, Dick! Why don't you tear the notice up?" Mary suggested excitedly.

"By golly, why don't you?" Chalky shouted. "I don't want to help *that* feller! If I get to say anything, I'll tell the posse I tore it up myself."

Dick stood still, thinking.

"Too exactly where I was before," he thought aloud. His chin lifted. He smiled at Mary, and gave Chalky a quick nod.

"Nope," he decided. "I've got a better idea. I'm going to give you a horse. Ain't your fault you've brought us trouble. The pinto's broken-winded. You'll have to ride the stallion. Think you can?"

Chalky's eyes began to dance.

"After looking that ford of yours over, I got lots of enthusiasm for breaking your horse," he said.

THEY decided that Mary should go to the corral with Chalky, in order that the posse, too far away to distinguish individuals, might think that Dick was busy at his work.

"MUM'S a paying habit even if you are selling steel girders!"



"I use Mum," says Mr. Charles McCrory of the David Smith Steel Co. "Socially or in business there's just no excuse for perspiration odor."

SELLING steel girders is a highly specialized job! It's entirely different from selling diamonds or first editions. But there's one thing we salesmen have in common—we meet people. And the quickest way to freeze a prospect is to be careless about perspiration odor.

"No man can afford to offend that way! And because you can offend with perspiration odor *and never know you're guilty*—I play safe and use Mum."

* * *

That's good advice—and thousands are following it. Play safe—use Mum. A dab

of Mum under each arm after your shower takes only 30 seconds, and you veto perspiration odor for hours. Remember, a bath only cares for past perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of odor to come—makes your bath last longer!

Mum can't harm shirts...won't irritate skin...prevents underarm odor without attempting to stop the perspiration.

Don't risk offending—get Mum at your drug store today. Carry into all of your contacts, business or social, the confidence that you won't offend.

MUM

takes the Odor out of Perspiration

[Socially or in business—Play safe with Mum!]



That bracing morning shower takes care of *yesterday's* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come—carries on where your bath leaves off.



Family, friends, people you meet in business like you better when you avoid risk of underarm odor with Mum. You even *like yourself* better!

The stallion was a dark bay, solid color from head to hock except for a white blaze on the chest. Inbreeding tends to make wild horses pintos or piebalds, and size as well as color hinted that this horse had escaped from some ranch which had been breeding from good blood lines. The depth of the chest was pronounced and the barrel was unusually full.

"Dick says he's hard to grip with your knees," Mary warned. "He bucked straight up and down, last time."

"Thanks, ma'am. I'm pretty long-legged. . . . My right name's Frankel. I want you should know. Chalky Frankel. I worked for the Slash K, outside of Laramie, mostly."

He shook out his rope. The cast was so expert as to seem effortless; a tiny noose flipped over the stallion's ears. The bay fought the rope. Mary had to run with the blinder. Even in those few seconds Chalky was almost jerked off his feet, and although the stallion stopped struggling when its eyes were covered, its flanks quivered.

Chalky saddled.

"Climb the fence when you snatch the blanket off," he warned. "This feller ain't foolin'. Neither am I."

He swung onto the quivering back and locked his spurs in the latigo. He nodded, eyes on the flattened ears. Mary pulled off the blinder and ran, tumbling over the fence anyhow. She heard the thud as the stallion lighted.

The stallion got its head down and humped its back. It went up into the air, brought all four hoofs together, and came down with legs stiff. The impact sounded as though Chalky and the stallion were so much rock. Chalky's hat was snapped off and he bled at the nose, but the stallion's nostrils became pits of red, too.

Mary screamed, "Ride him!"

A little daylight showed between man and saddle. Jump after jump, she saw that gap widen, and held her breath. Saw it narrow, and breathed again. Chalky was a peeler. He'd lost grip, and won it back.

The stallion seemed to know that pounding the man would never throw him now. The bay head flashed away from the sweating forelegs. Chalky smashed his fist between the flattened ears, yet the stallion rose on its hind legs, rising stiffly to fall straight over backward and crush the man.

"Unhook your spurs!" Mary screamed. As though Chalky didn't know!

He jerked the right one loose. The left spur stuck, and she shut her eyes. She heard the thud, the grunt the stallion gave, but Chalky uttered no sound. Mary forced herself to look.

CHALKY was lying on one elbow, beside the stallion. They got to their feet at the same time. Chalky swung into the saddle. His eyes passed over Mary without seeing her. Horse and man were motionless, except that the stallion's legs and Chalky's hands were shaking. He got control of himself first, and raked the stallion with a spur.

The stallion screamed. It leaped at the corral fence, hoofs drumming faster and faster. Chalky just had time to kick clear of the stirrups before the horse smashed full tilt into the fence. The poles splintered. Chalky sailed through the air. The bay kicked once, then seemed to shrink and become part of the earth. Dust settled on the wet brown hide and the broken fence poles.

One horse in a thousand will go blind mad—thank God I've got water hot, Mary thought.

She ran to Chalky. He was knocked out, but his breathing was regular, and arms and legs were in natural positions. In a moment he blinked and staggered to his feet. He did not notice Mary. He walked over to the stallion. It was dead, the neck and a foreleg broken. Chalky wiped his arm across his forehead.

"Some won't be rode," he muttered to himself. Mary realized the exact instant he became conscious of her presence, because he shook his head slowly, as though he were ashamed of what he had done.

"You topped him," Mary encouraged. "You rode him fine."

"I should have led him outside the corral. I would have, only I was afraid he'd run toward the posse," Chalky said dully. "Maybe if I hadn't crowded him so, he'd have acted different."

"Are you going to ride the pinto?"

"Reckon not. He'd just carry me far enough to catch a shot in the back." Chalky shrugged and said, "I've got time to eat now."

THE meal was silent. They sat at the table so that they could all watch the approach of the four riders. Mary was unable to swallow more than a few mouthfuls, but both men cleaned their plates. They glanced at one another, and there was a constraint between them which Mary did not understand until Chalky remarked:

"I'm going to stand those fellers off. I wish I had a rifle, though."

He spoke as if he were out on the prairie, and yet Dick's rifle stood in its usual place in the corner. Chalky might have grasped it by leaning back a little.

"You've been thinking some of pulling a belt gun to get one, ain't you?" Dick answered.

"Yep," Chalky confessed.

"I've been studying some too." Dick nodded toward the window. "Two of those hombres are Pete Maxon and our sheriff. Others are strangers."

"Deputies that were chasin' me, don't you figure? They'd bring your sheriff along to make the arrest."

"Yeah," Dick agreed. "So letting you have my rifle is further than I'm willing to go."

"Why? Listen! Lemme have a crack at Maxon."

"No, sirree," Dick refused. "If you want to stand those fellers off, that's your business. Go outside my shack and do it. The trail where you were told there was a ford is the best

place—they've got to come at you across the open and from in front. You'll be sheltered by the drop of the canyon, and you'll put up a good fight, I don't doubt."

"Dick, that's just getting him killed," Mary tried to interrupt.

"It'll be Pete who'll do all he can to kill him," Dick pointed out in a tone that worried Mary. "I was to get him across the river. . . . You willing to go out to the canyon, Chalky? Right now?"

The cowboy nodded, rose, and went out the back door. Dick walked around the table and tossed the rifle into the hollow of his arm.

"I'm going to meet Pete myself," he said.

"You aren't going to shoot him yourself?" Mary begged.

HIS arm suddenly went around her, rifle and all, pressing her to his chest. The tense, unsatiated clasp was like their courting days.

"The Box D is ours," he said. "We made it and we'll keep it. . . . Listen, Mary."

As he whispered she kept nodding her head. The instructions were simple enough. Of course she could call Chalky back into the house while the posse was still too far off to see him. She guessed she could persuade him to remain inside, all right, and the Bar M pony, still saddled, was grazing close to the shack.

A hundred yards from the shack, Dick was hailing the four riders. Mary stood at the east window.

"What's going on?" Chalky whispered anxiously.

"Dick's talking to Pete. . . . Now he's taking that notice out of his pocket and handing it to the sheriff. . . . Now he's pointing toward the ford—"

"He knows I ain't there!"

"Dick acts like he don't," Mary reported excitedly. "The posse is spreading out . . . they're riding in on both sides of the shack, scattered and careful."

Mary crossed the room to follow the progress of the man hunt.

"Now they're dismounting. . . . Dick is wrangling their horses, and they are crawling toward the canyon on their bellies—"

"Dick is *what*?" demanded Chalky.

"He's holding their horses. He's got all four of them now."

Chalky pushed Mary gently to one side. His bare head rose cautiously above the windowsill. With a kind of breathless awe he said:

"Dick, you son of a gun!"

Dick was close to the shack, with all the reins bunched in his left hand. He had eight separate strips of leather to hold, which was not easy, even though the horses had been pushed hard. Dick began to tie the ends of the reins together, looping one into the next like the links of a chain. Beyond, four men crawled toward the canyon rim, intent lest an outlaw should raise his head enough to shoot before they did.

"Good-by, ma'am. Good luck!" Chalky whispered fervently. He flung

the door open and made a running leap into the saddle of his Bar M. He was around the shack in two seconds, shielded by it as he spurred toward the pass in the mountains.

Dick let go the reins he had tied together. The four horses trotted off, tossing their heads and biting and kicking at one another.

The posse did plenty of shooting after Chalky got beyond the shelter of the shack, but they blazed away in the hope of one of those miracle shots that have been known to drop a running horse at long range. The sheriff and Pete Maxon were running toward Dick.

"You lied!" Pete yelled. He was crazy mad. "You let him git away!"

The sheriff was pretty mad too, but he only said, "I've ridden sixty miles for nothing. You knew that hombre wasn't in the canyon."

"He was when I saw him last, Bill," Dick insisted. "And what's more, he was all set to get a couple of you, beginning with Pete. You saw what kind of 'letter' he brought me."

"Admit you got the notice, don't yuh?" Pete yelled.

"Sure I do, sheriff," Dick nodded. "I remember saying some one was going to get hurt when I got that paper, but it seems like I was wrong. That feller said he rode out with that 'letter' because Pete told him he could get across this ford."

The sheriff was silent for a second. "Is that so?" he remarked. "I wondered why Pete was so plumb sure that feller was headed here. We lost the sign a couple of times."

"Shows how far Pete will go to get what he wants. Feller was a stranger. Pete didn't know whether he'd done murder or shot because he had to. Pete would have gotten him killed, and maybe a couple of us too, if that feller hadn't sneaked into the house after my back was turned."

THE sheriff said nothing, but looked thoughtfully at the fugitive, nearly a mile away across the sage. In the silence came the *clink, clink, clink* of the hydraulic ram.

"Pete's got the legal right to foreclose now, but the agreement was that I'd have four years to pay up," Dick said. "That's all, sheriff. One of us is lying."

"You told Mary to sneak that feller into the shack!" Pete Maxon shouted.

"Don't try to make a wife testify against her husband, Pete," the sheriff said. "The judge won't let you."

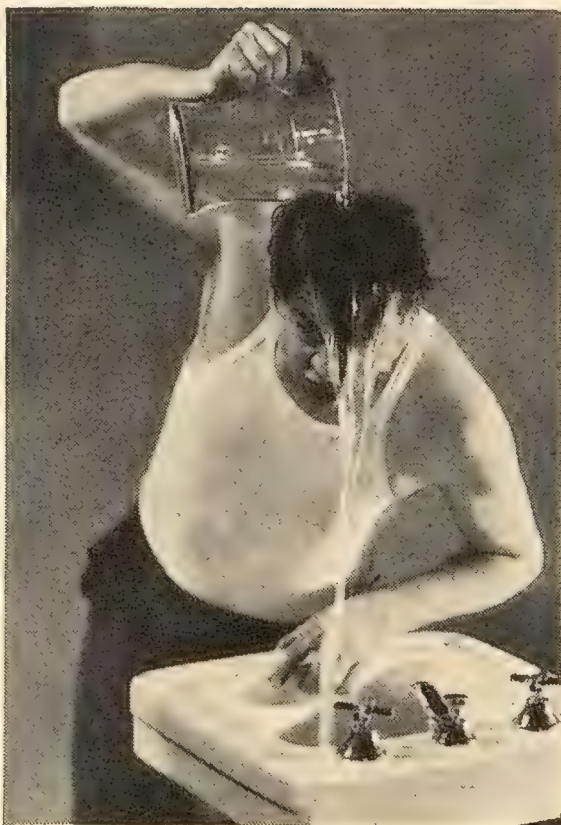
The deputy from the next county was trying to catch the horses. They would let him get close, and then trot away. He almost had them every two or three rods, but he'd never get them until he called on Dick for the help of a horse and a rope.

Pete Maxon wasn't going to get the Box D, either.

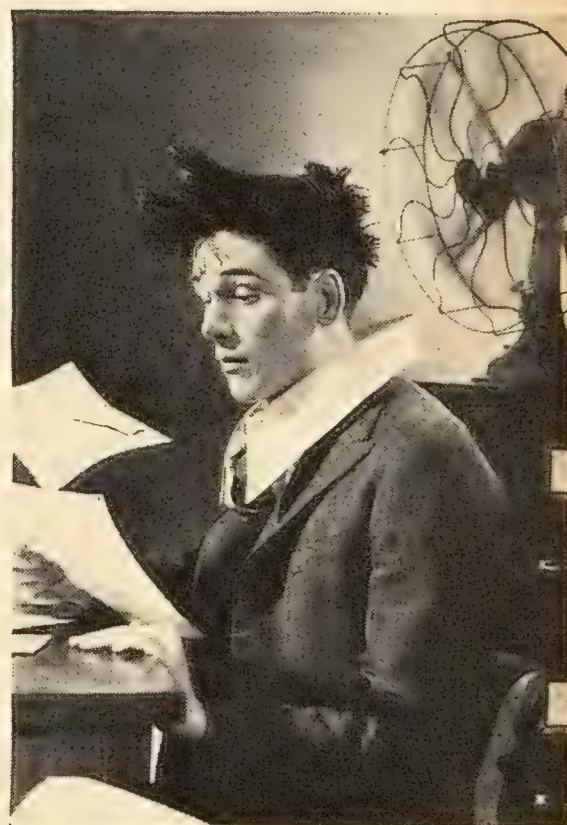
Mary swung the door wide. "Come on in, sheriff," she invited. "I can give you dinner in a jiffy, and there's a whole boiler of water all ready to make coffee."

THE END

4 ways to keep cool this summer



1. **POUR ICE WATER** over your head every half hour. Cool, but not neat. Ever so much neater is a lightweight Arrow Shirt, with thousands of little pores to air-condition you.



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Lee Grissom. What was good enough for Grove was good enough for him.

The Confessions of a Baseball Talent Scout

YOU NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT A ROOKIE

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THE rookies that bloom in the spring, tra-là, are brand-new names to most of the fans. But to me, as chief talent scout for the New York Yankees, they're mostly old faces, kids I've watched or had reports submitted on. I've scouted for the Yankees for over twenty years now, and in that time I've looked over about 80,000 prospective major-leaguers. I've traveled more than 300,000 miles—twelve times around the earth—looking for big guys who can hit.

You may think that looking for big guys who can hit and buying them for the Yankees is like carrying larceny to Leavenworth; but the Dickeyes, the Selkirks, the Crosettis, the DiMaggios all get older with every season, and some day they'll have to be replaced.

A scout sees all kinds: the screwballs, and the straight men too. And, while it may sometimes seem otherwise, we try not to import the screwballs. Managers get gray young enough, anyway. We like kids like Marius Russo, the Yankee left-hander. He speaks twice a year to every one on the team. When he reports in the spring, he says, "Hello," and when he leaves after the World Series, he bids them "Good-by."

Sometimes you pick up one player while you're scouting another. About a week before the 1922 season opened, I went to New Brunswick, New Jersey, to watch a ball game between Rutgers University and Columbia. "Watch this pitcher I'm using, Paul," said Andy Coakley, coach of the Columbia team. "If he's not in the majors in two years, then there are no cows in Texas."

I watched the pitcher for a while, but it was a big outfielder who caught my eye. Afield, he seemed in imminent

danger of being conked by any fly ball within fifty feet of him. But when he came to the plate he was a joy to watch. Not that he was graceful there, either, but through his gawkiness you could see the latent power.

He turned out to be the best ballplayer I ever picked up for the Yankees. I'll always be proud of that, for he turned out to be not only a great ballplayer but also a magnificent person. His name is Lou Gehrig!

One thing that rookies don't get these days is the rough hazing that the ballplayers used to mete out to newcomers. Nowadays a rookie like Charlie Keller or Marvin Bruer or any of them will be handled with kid gloves by every one in camp. In the old days it was worth a rookie's life to try to get any batting practice. The regulars would just stay at the plate and threaten to part the rookie's hair with a bat if he so much as took one swing.

Any ballplayer who did that to a rookie today would be suspended indefinitely. Not that daffy ballplayers are a thing of the past. They will always be with us. Lee Grissom, the

left-hander the Yankees bought from the Cincinnati Reds, is an interesting specimen. In 1934 Larry McPhail picked him out of the semipro ranks and ordered him to report to Cincinnati's Beckley (West Virginia) training camp for young ballplayers.

Grissom reported, and told every one that the pitcher he wanted to be like was Lefty Grove. He threw his fast ball, and onlookers admitted that he had better than a bad chance to imitate his hero faithfully. About two weeks later, Grove, suffering from arm trouble, was ordered by the doctor to have all his teeth extracted. He did, and, as you remember, the experiment received quite a bit of publicity.

When Grissom read it, he decided that what was good enough for Grove was good enough for him, so he went down to the nearest dentist and had the same thing done!

Scouts, in addition to everything else, have to be tough. One summer afternoon in 1938 I was out in Newark looking over a lot of inexperienced kids. One of them let a ball loose that I didn't see coming at me. It caught me on the head. I paid little attention to it until I started to get headaches a month or so ago. I went to see a doctor, had some X-rays taken, and found out that I had a fractured skull!

How are they going to break up the Yankees when they can't even injure a scout?

THE END

Two hearts and high adventure
in 1940's war! A thrilling novel

Wings of Wrath

BY

OSCAR SCHISGALL

Author of *I Married a Nazi*

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART TWO—A STRANGE MASQUERADE BEGINS

A synopsis of the opening chapter of this
novel appears on page 18.

WITH increasing excitement Kurt wondered if a man like David Cresson, aircraftman second class, ordered to report for duty, would be examined for a blind left eye. . . .

Kurt's fingers felt stiff when he replaced David Cresson's documents in the pocket of the ulster. He folded the coat carefully, stowed it far back in the bunk. Over his shoulder he sent a furtive glance through the forecastle. A dismal place lit by a single bulb, it was crowded by more than twenty men; and he wondered if any of them had been watching him. Apparently not. They were undressing, their voices forming a harsh cacophony that had no meaning.

He sat down shakily. He clasped his head and shut his eyes.

This talk—talk in half a dozen languages. It rattled on his ears like Chinese torture. He didn't want to listen. He didn't want to think. He wanted only to yield to the grief he had so long been stifling. He wanted to remember his father.

But somebody prodded him with a hard finger and inquired, "Say, mister, 'ow's that bump on your 'ead? Still 'urtin'?"

Kurt looked up at the small fat man with whom he had alternated at the oar in the lifeboat. "No," he said

wearily. "It's much better, thanks."

"You ought to be gettin' some sleep. You look done in."

The stout man sat down, crossed stubby legs, and struggled to pull off a shoe. On board the Carthage, where he had been the ship's barber, his manner had been one of ingratiating servility, full of bows, full of little amenities that invited tips. Now all signs of servility were gone. Disaster, it appeared, had been a democratizing event in his life.

"We was lucky in our lifeboat," he



ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

"After what happened to
you last night," she said
quietly. "I can under-
stand how you feel, yes."

declared. "Nobody in it being 'urt serious, I mean. I was talking to one of these here Swede sailors, an' he says as 'ow in the other three boats they picked up—gorblimey, they must 've 'ad a time of it with so many wounded!"

"Many of them?"

"Eighteen. Eighteen stretched out on cots, poor blighters, too 'urt to move." The barber leaned forward and his voice became strident. "An' wot's more, I'll wager more'n a hundred went down with the Carthage!" He yanked off the shoe in anger, brandished it high like a club. "Can you imagine blokes back 'ome complainin' this is a dull war with nothing 'appenin'? . . . Makes you sick, it does!"

A few of the Blaarendt's sailors

—were standing out from Great Yarmouth, and over them droned a squadron of seaplanes.

Kurt walked along the rail. He walked almost to the afterdeck before he saw the girl. She leaned against a rack that contained life belts, and one of the Blaarendt's officers, holding a sheaf of papers, talked to her. A cigarette hung forgotten from her fingertips.

"We are making a list of the survivors, madam." The Swedish officer spoke with scarcely a trace of accent. "Our wireless is reporting to shore." He raised a pencil over the papers. "If you will be so good, please—your name?"

"Claudia Gage."

"Your home? The city?"

"London." As she spoke she saw

where they plan to put us ashore."

"Harwich," she told him. "If they don't detain us there too long, we may be in London by tonight."

"That's fortunate for you, isn't it?" After a moment he went on, "I'm afraid I'll be held up in Harwich. I've lost my passport. It went down with the Carthage. . . . I suppose they'll hold me until I can prove my nationality."

"I don't see why you can't establish it just as easily in London," she protested. "I fancy you won't be the only one from the Carthage without a passport. They'll make some provision for your going through, I'm sure. After all, you simply want to get on to America—not remain in England."

It was a matter he preferred not

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

AMONG the passengers crossing the North Sea on the English steamer Carthage, bound from Scandinavia to Great Britain, are Professor Anton Freel of Berlin, and his son Kurt, who was born in Boston during the time his father was an exchange professor at Harvard. Kurt is bringing the old man to the land of liberty after losing his two other sons in German concentration camps. Professor Freel, though of ancient Prussian stock, is not a Nazi sympathizer, while Kurt hates the present dominant power in Germany. He tells his father he'd like to help destroy it; but the professor reminds him he is an American.

One of their fellow travelers is a young

Englishwoman, Claudia Gage, who is a member of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. She becomes very much interested in Kurt, but he proves a rather gloomy reticent fellow. In fact, he broods over the faithlessness of a girl named Hilda in Berlin.

This night at sea, Professor Freel is tired, and Kurt takes him to their cabin in the bowels of the ship, then returns to deck for a stroll. Claudia, too, decides to get some fresh air.

The Carthage is torpedoed and starts sinking. Passengers take to lifeboats. Frantically, Kurt rushes down to his father, only to find him drowned in the cabin. He tries to rescue the body, but is knocked senseless. However, Kurt is

carried to a boat. He comes to, to find Claudia Gage buttoning a coat on him. She tells him it belongs to a man who dived overboard to save a woman and never came back.

By morning they are picked up by a Swedish freighter, the Blaarendt, bound for England. In the forecabin, where the rescued men are taken care of, Kurt discovers papers in the dead man's coat which prove him to be David Cresson, an English aircraftman, who had been ordered to report for immediate duty.

Now, Kurt had been in the United States air service, but an accident had blinded one eye. But, even so, he sees a chance—a terrifying idea takes possession of him.

entered the forecabin to collect wet clothes. Though the barber continued his monologue, Kurt no longer listened. He emptied his pockets into the bunk. He undressed and drew a blanket about himself. His movements were mechanical, almost disinterested; and when the clothes were gone he took inventory of his possessions.

There wasn't much. A booklet of traveler's checks—four hundred and seventy dollars' worth. The checks were damp and their signature ink had run rather badly, yet he supposed they were negotiable. And there was a wallet that still contained a few marks. That was all.

He sank back in the bunk and pulled the blanket up to his neck. For a while he watched the men. Then he closed his eyes, wondering again about David Cresson; wondering if Cresson had a family who might come to seek him among the Carthage's survivors.

KURT came up on deck in the brown ulster at noon. Under it his own clothes, though dry, were shrunken and shapeless, and his shoes seemed to be made of wood. He walked to a rail already crowded with people who were gaping in silent intoxicated joy at the coast of England.

The Norfolk shore lay like a dark border on a gray sea. Three trawlers—or perhaps they were mine sweepers

Kurt. He had stopped at the rail ten feet away. The deep lines in his face brought concern to her eyes; but the ship's officer was demanding her attention, and she turned back to him.

"There is somebody, Miss Gage, you wish notified?"

"My father, if you will. Commodore Sir Malcolm Copley Gage. His present address—" She hesitated, then shrugged. "Well, it's uncertain. You can probably reach him through the R. A. F. office."

The officer became more deferential. "Thank you very much, Miss Gage." He touched the visor of his cap and passed on to the afterdeck.

And now Kurt joined the girl. As they went to the rail she flicked her cigarette into the sea, watched it swept back on foaming water. Then she gazed at the gray smudge of coast line.

"Seeing England today," she said, "is like seeing the beginning of a second life!"

She began to add something else, too, but checked herself. Perhaps, glancing at Kurt, she was baffled. Perhaps she was too unaccustomed to the tragedies of war to know what to say to one who, only a few hours ago, had lost his father—a German father sacrificed to a German victory.

Kurt relieved her by speaking quite impersonally, his voice much deeper than usual, yet calm: "I wonder

to discuss with her. He raised narrowed eyes to the squadron of British bombers that had been flying over the trawlers. Now, emerging from mist, they roared overhead. Huge Bristol Blenheims. He watched them pass; watched until they vanished as they had come, sliding into clouds.

That's where I ought to be, he thought. Up there. Flying. Flying eastward with a load of bombs to repay them for what they did to Hans and Gustave and father.

The thought brought a surge of rage. And rage became frustration that pained like a clamp on his stomach muscles. For he knew he would never again pilot a plane. Not if he had to submit to an examination for a new license. That much had been ordained two years ago when a steel splinter had shattered the lens of his left eye. After the accident they had been forced to ground him. Thousands of hours of experience in the air, ace pilot for Franchard Planes, and grounded. Through. Transferred to factory duty. . . . Well, he could still fly with others. That was something. As a mechanic, perhaps. Yes, he could still help carry bombs to fight the thing he had come to hate. . . .

He realized, with a start, that the girl was peering at him with strange intensity.

(Continued on page 20)

Mr. CLEENIE Goes to Town!



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"You know, Mr. Freel—" She hesitated. "There are moments when your expression is—frightening."

That startled him. "Why?"

"As it was just now, for instance. It becomes so full of—of bitterness, of fury—"

"Of memories," he corrected tightly. "The memories of three months in Berlin. The memories of last night." Again he squinted at the clouds. "Do you know what I was doing just now? Envyng those fellows up there. Envyng them their right to hit back!" He saw that she was shocked and faintly bewildered. "I suppose you think that's a queer way for an American to talk."

"An extraordinary way!"

"Well, maybe it's because I'm not talking as an American now. I'm talking for myself—for somebody who has seen his family wiped off the earth."

She turned her frown to the sea. "Yesterday," she murmured, "I heard another man say almost the same thing. He said he had just come back from Poland."

Kurt stopped an impulse to go on. Poland? Poland's had been the final visa stamp on David Cresson's passport. He looked at the girl searchingly, afraid that if he spoke then he would betray his excitement.

"This man was English." She paused, continuing more quietly. "The one who dived out of our lifeboat."

"Oh. . . . You knew him."

"Not really. We talked for a while in the lounge."

Kurt leaned on the rail. "I've been thinking about him a great deal," he admitted. "Wearing his coat like this. . . . So he was coming home from Poland. I wonder if his family will be on hand at Harwich, looking for him."

She answered doubtfully, "I shouldn't think so. He mentioned something about his people living in Bristol. They'd hardly cross England to meet the ship."

"Unless—he was married. Perhaps his wife—"

SOMETHING in Claudia's glance made him fear he was letting his interest become too obvious.

"Probably he wasn't married," she said. "At any rate, he said nothing about a wife. He'd spent a long time in a Northern hospital, recovering from a shrapnel wound he'd got in Poland. Now the only thing that interested him really was the fact that he was reporting for duty in the Fleet Air Arm. He actually *wanted* to fight. I doubt if he even expected to go home to Bristol. He seemed to think he'd be ordered right up to Rosyth."

Kurt felt he had to choose phrases as if they were weapons. But before he could say anything at all an anxious voice behind them interrupted:

"Pardon, Miss Gage. The captain asks if you can return now, please."

This was the officer who had been

questioning Claudia, and he still held his sheaf of papers.

She said quickly, "Of course." And to Kurt, "I've been helping with the wounded. Perhaps I'll see you again before we land."

He watched her hurry away—a tall girl, her head thrown back, her hair torn by the wind. She had asked him very little about himself, he realized. There had been no occasion to mention his brothers, his work, the reason for his being in Germany. Or even Hilda. He frowned down at the deck. The thought of Hilda was like the stab of a knife always.

He turned to the sea. There were things, he told himself, he must decide quickly. In a day or two, when David Cresson's death was officially announced, his passport and the letter recalling him to His Majesty's service would be useless. Any one attempting to present them as his own would doubtless be arrested as an impostor. They were of value only as long as Aircraftman Cresson was believed to be alive. Therefore—

The ship's officer was still at Kurt's elbow. Examining his papers, he inquired, "Did I get your name, sir? No, I think not."

Kurt glanced at him, and his heart suddenly began to beat hard. He straightened from the rail.

"You didn't," he said. "My name is David Cresson."

KURT FREEL went up on deck late in the afternoon, when the Blaarendt with her eighty-two survivors of the Carthage wreck steamed into the harbor of Harwich. He had slept a little in the forecastle and he looked better. His face wasn't as gaunt as it had been; his eyes were less tragic.

Again the rail was crowded, and a small man, seeing Kurt come up, greeted him with a cheerful, "Well, now, 'aven't seen much of you this arfternoon, mister!"

It was the rubicund barber. Kurt nodded to him and attempted to walk away. But the man strolled along at his side.

"Been sleepin'?" he asked genially.

"Yes."

It wasn't that Kurt disliked the fellow. It was simply that he was trying to avoid all possible conversation. He had avoided even Claudia Gage, in the fear that she might call him "Mr. Freel" in the hearing of the ship's officer who had inscribed him as "Mr. Cresson."

"We'll be ashore in 'alf an hour," the barber jauntily predicted. "An' then the fun starts! You'll see!"

"Think they'll hold us in Harwich long?"

"Not any longer than they can 'elp. It costs money to 'old eighty-odd of us. They'd sooner see us carry on with our business, where they ain't responsible." He glanced up inquisitively. "You goin' on to London?"

"I expect to, yes."

"Well, you make 'em pay for the trip. They won't argue about it. You just make 'em pay."

He left Kurt then, probably deciding he could find more responsive conversation with somebody at the rail.

Kurt walked on alone into the bow of the Blaarendt. There he paused, hands in the pockets of the brown ulster, and peered toward Harwich. The city hovered vaguely in the afternoon mist.

He felt uneasy. It was a dangerous thing he had undertaken; a thing that brought constriction to his nerves.

I'll be all right, he thought, once I'm away from these people, once I'm past the authorities in Harwich. . . . In London nobody knows me.

HE was peering at the ships that lay ahead—vessels of all kinds riding on the foggy Harwich waters—when a low voice beside him said, "Mr. Freel."

He turned quickly. Claudia Gage met his eyes with a direct look. She seemed paler than she had been and her mouth was extraordinarily firm.

"I'm been looking for you for the past half hour."

"I'm sorry. I've been asleep."

Her eyes never left him. "I've been wanting to ask you, Mr. Freel, why you gave the officer your name as David Cresson."

For an instant he was too staggered to talk.

"I've just seen the list of survivors," Claudia Gage continued. "The name of David Cresson was quite a jolt. I asked the officer to point him out." She saw his lips part on an impulsive question, but she didn't wait for it. "I haven't yet told him about his mistake. I decided perhaps it would be wiser to ask you about it first."

Kurt fought to steady himself. He would have to explain things to Claudia Gage. And it was, in many ways, a hopeless task. How could he make her feel the anger that stormed in him? How could he translate bitterness and fury into words that would evoke understanding?

His face strained, Kurt looked beyond her. People were beginning to gather around him, streaming into the ship's bow for a better view of Harwich.

He said choppily, "Let's get away from here!"

He caught her arm and led her aft. The Blaarendt, having passed the Landguard breakwater, was sailing in review before four of His Majesty's battleships, gray fortresses floating in gray mist; and far ahead the Beacon Hill loomed like something not quite earthly.

They found the afterdeck deserted. Gulls circled and screeched over them. Kurt took Claudia Gage to the stern rail. She leaned back against it, resting on her elbows and still watching him curiously, still waiting.

"Could you understand," he drove out with unfamiliar harshness, "a man's feeling that nothing he could do with his life—absolutely nothing—would be as important as turning to fight something he has come to hate?"

She considered this; or possibly she considered the haggard intensity of his gaze.

"After what happened to you last night," she said quietly, "I can understand how you feel, yes."

"Last night wasn't the beginning. It was the climax. But up to last night I had to stand by, doing nothing. Up to last night I couldn't even protest. I—I had to be soft-spoken and polite. I was begging for a chance to take my father out of Germany. I wanted to get him to America, to the peace and decency of my country, where all that was great in him wouldn't be stifled. I had to pretend to overlook everything else—even the fact that my two brothers had been killed."

The girl, though visibly shocked, did not interrupt.

"Now it's different," he said. "They can't do anything more to me. There's none of us left for them to hurt. I'm free to strike back!"

He jammed his fists into the pockets of the brown ulster. Instead of looking at Claudia, he glared down into the angry churning waters of the wake. *I can't make her see it, he thought in despair. I'm saying the wrong things.* And for a while the girl studied him in wonder—studied the drawn lines in his face, the grimness of his mouth, the tension of his whole lank figure.

YOU—you're a strange sort of man," she whispered at last.

"Strange? Because I want to fight?"

"Because you want it so—*passionately.*"

"There are tens of thousands who feel the way I do!" he exclaimed. "Don't they give up everything to enlist? The only difference is that theirs is a national hatred—a kind of mob passion—while mine is personal."

"That's why it's so strange. War is seldom a—a personal issue. Particularly for one whose country is at peace. You have so much to return to in America."

"I have nothing to return to," he declared. "No family. No responsibilities. Nothing. What's the use of living unless there's an aim in life?"

"I can understand your wanting to enlist," Claudia said. "I can understand everything you say except—except masquerading as another man."

"I have to. It's my only chance. No active branch of the service—no combat branch—would take me as I am." And he told her, quite bluntly, about his eye.

That startled Claudia. It shocked her so profoundly that she straightened from the rail to stare in amazement at the eye. There was nothing in it, no scar or blemish or glazed patina, to betray its blindness.

Kurt groped in his pockets for David Cresson's documents. When he pulled them out, he unfolded the official letter with its gold seal.

"Cresson was in the Air Force Reserve," he pointed out. "The Fleet



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Air Arm. Not as a flyer—as an aircraftman—a mechanic. Being in the service, he must already have passed physical tests."

"But there'll be more of them," she argued. "The first thing they'll do when you report for duty is examine—"

"I know. But for men like Cresson—reservists they're probably trying to rush into the service as quickly as possible—the examinations will be routine."

"Routine or not, they're certain to test your eyes!"

"Mine, yes. But Cresson's? 'Read the letters on that chart, please. Close the right eye. Now close the left eye.' . . . I know the formula. If I can see a chart for ten minutes I can memorize it. I've got to gamble on the doctor's not giving the eye a thorough examination. It's my only hope."

Claudia looked at him in a kind of awe. She whispered, "Don't you realize the danger of doing a thing like this?"

"Don't men who enlist see the danger of German guns? Does it stop them?"

"This is different!"

"An added danger, that's all."

Impulsively she put a hand on his arm, and her voice was strained. "There must be a dreadful penalty for—for impersonating somebody in the service. You'd be regarded as a spy!"

"I'll risk it. All I can lose is my life, and I'm staking that anyway." Kurt stuffed the papers back in his pocket. He spoke decisively. "Once I'm in the service, I think I'll carry it off. Cresson was a mechanic. All right. I probably know more about planes and motors than most of the men in training." He told her of his years of studying aeronautics and engineering at college, of the years during which he'd flown planes, of designing and building them at the Franchard plant. "I don't think I'll have any trouble as far as mechanical training goes," he finished grimly.

BUT there are so many other difficulties! The most elementary things. Why, you don't even *speake* like an Englishman! Your accent is so thoroughly American."

"I've thought of that, too. I'll probably be set down as a silent man, uncommunicative. The little I will say—well, an accent can be changed. Give me a few days to listen to other men, and I'll pick up some of their idiom, too. I'm not afraid of that. Even your Englishmen don't all have the same accent. Londoners, for example, and men from Manchester."

"Mancunians."

That left him slightly disconcerted.

"You see?" Claudia's tones were hopeless. "Things like that. Simple things to any Englishman. Not calling a man from Manchester a Mancunian . . ."

"All right." He wasn't in the least dismayed. "I won't make the same mistake again."

Claudia rubbed her hand on the

rail, watching it with a frown. Clearly, she was far from convinced that Kurt could succeed.

She said presently, "And what about Cresson's people?"

"That," Kurt admitted, "has been bothering me terribly. His family. Not telling them he's dead . . ."

"It does sound pretty awful."

He was, as a matter of truth, deeply disturbed by consideration of the Cresson family. Certainly he had no wish to hurt them.

He said, "It's something I've got to think about. In London I'll try to dig up some information about his people. Then—I'll see."

A BROAD-BEAMED tender was coming through the mist toward the Blaarendt. It was crowded to the gunwales, and Claudia gazed at it absently. Consular agents, she knew. They would be coming aboard to seek out their countrymen among the Carthage survivors.

Suddenly Kurt caught her hand. His eyes looked importunately into hers. His voice sounded desperate.

"We could go on finding objections for hours," he said. "But after those hours I'd still want to try it! You're the only one who knows about me. What I do now depends on you. Let me—carry on!"

With a faint forced laugh that wasn't at all humorous, she said, "You make me feel like a conspirator."

"I didn't want you implicated in this. All day I've been trying to avoid you—pretending to sleep in the fo'c'sle—keeping out of sight. I wanted to do this on my own."

Again she contemplated the gray harbor.

"It's quite a problem to have to decide," she murmured. "I rather feel I ought to—to temporize." She met his eyes levelly. "I'm sure you can see my position—the daughter of an English officer letting some one enter the service as you want to enter it."

"I know. I appreciate the difficulty."

"Suppose you come to see me in London. Say tomorrow afternoon. Come to tea."

He crushed back his breath; then hope rushed into him. "I'll be glad to."

"I expect a worried aunt to meet me at the dock. She's already wirelessed. And she'll be motoring me back to London tonight, I believe. London blackouts or not, she has a horror of staying at strange hotels. So I shan't see much of you after we land." And she added with a cryptic smile, "I won't ask you to motor to London with us, either. Aunt Emily would know you for an American in thirty seconds."

A thunderous blast of the Blaarendt's whistle greeted the tender. It was so long and loud a roar that it kept them silent. When it ended, Claudia gave him her address—an address in Mayfair—and he repeated it carefully.

"For tea tomorrow, then," she said,

and her smile was warm and genuine.

They walked back along the deck. If Kurt's nerves still were strained, it was with the feeling of having won an unexpected victory. Not until later—much later, when they were part of an excited throng going ashore—did it occur to him that he had told Claudia Gage practically everything about himself except one fact; and this he had omitted quite unwittingly, because at the time it hadn't seemed to matter at all.

He hadn't told her a word about Hilda.

WITH the coming of night, Harwich was in complete blackout. Added to that, a mizzling fog rolled in from the sea, blotting the city from all possible aerial view. The eighty-odd people who had been rescued by the Blaarendt were now housed at the Royal Crown and the Northern Shore hotels, and they seemed at last to have reached safe harbor.

Yet at ten minutes past eight the city's air-raid signals howled a warning.

It was inconceivable that German planes should be over Harwich in such weather. Even the people caught in the dark streets, running almost blindly for bombproof shelters, kept crying—as though to reassure one another—that this must be a mistake. Some fool had sounded the alarm. Perhaps a lone British plane, passing on patrol duty above the fog, had been heard. It couldn't be anything else.

Kurt, in his room at the Royal Crown, was about to undress when the siren's wail stopped him. He stood listening; the weird sound sent a chill through him.

"To the cellars, please!" He heard the call go through the hotel's corridors, from floor to floor. "To the cellars!"

The windows of his room were shut, and black shades hung over them. In truth, the place was so warm and airless that he had wondered if he would be able to sleep. It was a relief to step out into the corridor—even knowing that at any instant he might hear the shattering blasts of bombs.

A dozen people were running down the stairs. Most of them he recognized as Carthage survivors. He joined them, and a woman below whispered in despair, "Great God, is there no end to this? Are we to be driven on forever?" . . .

There was nervous haste among the others, yet no real sign of panic. Everybody seemed to know precisely what to do. If only that siren would cease its dreadful howling!

Kurt discovered that what had once been a Royal Crown wine cellar had been reinforced with concrete and steel to serve as a bombproof shelter. It was a long narrow chamber, barren except for the bench that followed its walls, and lit by a glaring bulb. The place was crowded. Two men had to move aside to make room for him on a bench. Then the great door was closed, like the door of a vault, and a

ventilator began its hum. "The 'otel's got three shelters like this," somebody was whispering. "Enough to take care of everybody."

A man with a thick Scotch burr declared scornfully, "Aw, 'tis nawthin' but a false alar-m. There wouldna be any Ger-r-man planes oot on sich a night."

But his words had scant effect. The others were clearly scared. They sat silent. Kurt glanced along the line of faces. In the garish light they looked ghastly. A dozen women; more than a dozen men. And at the far end—He clasped his hands between his knees and bent forward, frowning at the floor. At the far end of the chamber he had just seen the fat little man who had been the barber on the Carthage. With his insatiable curiosity he had already learned the names of almost all the survivors. Kurt hoped the fellow wouldn't attempt to talk to him. He wanted no attention attracted to himself.

For, so far in his role of David Cresson, everything had gone well. Incredibly well. At the dock in the hotel his identity hadn't been doubted. The physician sent to examine the survivors had found him fit, without evidence of exposure, and he had been told he could travel on to London whenever he wished.

So Kurt wanted nothing better now than to be left alone.

For a time he had his wish. Everybody around him sat motionless, strained and waiting. Listening for

For shaves that look right up to par,
Those Thin Gillettes are best by far!
They whisk through beard in record time—
And four blades cost you just a dime!

Rigid inspection assures
absolute uniformity



The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

detonations that might bring the hotel crashing down upon them.

But there was no sound at all. Only the steady drone of the ventilator.

After a while the tension began to abate. Men, wiping perspiration from their foreheads, talked again. Women leaned back from positions of stiff apprehension.

And that was when the little barber finally rose and came across the long chamber. "I say, Mr. Cresson," he began in a whisper.

Kurt had a sudden jolt of premonition. He frowned up at the man. "Yes?"

"Did you 'ear that wireless report?"

That puzzled him. "I haven't heard anything—no."

"Why, sir, it's over all England. British planes 'ave destroyed the U-boat wot sunk the Carthage. Sent her to the bottom, they did. A freighter picked up part of the sub's crew and 'er commander. But that ain't all, sir—and 'ere's something that *will* interest you!" The fat man appeared to puff up with the importance of his news. "Who d'you think is bringin' that Boche commander ashore? Eh? Who?"

Kurt stared at the man. He had the sensation of being seized by iron hands, of being pinioned back against the wall.

"I couldn't guess," he said as indifferently as he could.

"It was on the wireless, clear as you please. 'Eard it myself only ten

minutes ago. They said as 'ow the commander of the U-boat is being brought ashore by H. M. S. Farnol, with a Lieutenant Charles 'Arvey Cresson in command. And they said as 'ow that was partecularly appropriate, seein' as 'ow, according to the list of survivors, the lieutenant's own brother 'ad been on the torpedoed Carthage. I *thought* you'd be interested to 'ear that, Mr. Cresson."

★ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ★

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ FAMILY CRISIS by Sherlock Bronson Gass. Reynal & Hitchcock.

Delightfully written story of a pretty hectic period in the life of the Gass family—father, mother, and three sons—when Papa Gass invested in a steam laundry and the entire family helped to run it. If you were thinking of going into the laundry business without experience, it will discourage you, which might be just as well.

Kurt felt shaken. Glancing about, he wondered if he looked more pallid than the others in this glaring light.

"Funny thing is," the barber went on, "I never thought you was an Englishman, sir. No, sir. Put you down as an American, I did, wot with the way you talk an' all. . . . I expect, though, you've spent a lot o' time in the colonies, eh? They talk different in the colonies."

"Ye-es," Kurt said, trying to manage a note of finality. "I've been out of the country."

Suddenly the underground chamber was noisy, with everybody talking. Despite the ventilating equipment, the place was becoming unbearably hot. Kurt tugged at his collar. He felt a trickle of perspiration start from his temple and wriggle down his cheek to his jaw.

And then the heavy door opened. A man grinned in at the crowd—a stout man who was fitting a gas mask back into a case that hung from his shoulder.

"We've just had the 'All clear' signal," he announced. "It must have been a mistake, that alarm. You can all come out."

So the entire crowd rose to stream out, chattering in relief, laughing with the unnatural staccato shrillness of minor hysteria. As he mounted the stairs, Kurt brushed a hand over dry lips. His fingers were unsteady.

David Cresson had a brother, he was thinking; a brother who, sooner or later, would want to see him. What then?

How can Kurt face the brother of the man he is pretending to be and get away with it? Will that brother tolerate such a pretender for some unforeseen reason, or will Kurt be denounced? And what of Claudia's troubled conscience? Next week's Liberty will bring you many astonishing turns.

I'M ON
MY THIRD
10,000 MILES

YOU MUST
BE RIDING
ON GENERAL
TIRES

Tales OUT OF SCHOOL

Sprightly . . . startling!
An outspoken lady takes
you behind the scenes of
Washington's social set

**BY A SENATOR'S
DAUGHTER**

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

A synopsis of the preceding articles in
this series will be found on the next page.

PART THREE—THE ROOSEVELT REVERBERATIONS

EVERYBODY knows in what social
circles the Roosevelts are politi-
cally unpopular, and I have al-
ready mentioned that neither theirs
nor any other Presidential family
rates socially with the self-appointed

upper crust in Washington—the so-
called Cliff Dwellers. The only person
I know of who graduated from politics
to real Washington high society is
Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth,
daughter of T. R. and widow of
Speaker Nick Longworth, and even
her social position is rather anoma-
lous. She is a sort of jester of the
ducal palaces.

Aided by a natural family resem-
blance, she can produce a living cari-
cature of Mrs. F. D. R. and a cooing

travesty of one of Cousin Eleanor's
speeches.

At a White House soiree attended
largely by senatorial wives, Alice was
invited, as she frequently is. And
during a pause the President's wife
turned to her cousin and said: "Alice,
I hear you do a perfectly screaming
imitation of me. Won't you put on
your little act so we can all enjoy it?"

My mother, who was at the party,
said that Alice flushed, gulped, stam-
mered, and then took flight to keep



ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHE MOORE

Papa Senator finds him-
self flanked by charming
ladies who prattle of the
importance of the bill.

ATHLETE'S FOOT



**Strikes
Hot,
Steaming
Feet!**



**Cracks between your Toes
are Danger Signs**

Drench them Tonight

Athlete's Foot fungi feed on dead skin and perspiration between your toes. When cracks appear they strike through those cracks and spread under the skin! Drench those cracks with Absorbine Jr., full strength.

1. Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It kills the Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
5. It relieves the itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your physician in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

Get a bottle today. At all druggists, \$1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 360 L Lyman St., Springfield, Massachusetts.

ABSORBINE JR.

Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact!

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle yet thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

**A GOOD MYSTERY
IS BETTER
WHEN IT'S
TRUE!** Read

**TRUE
DETECTIVE**
MYSTERIES
JUNE Issue
ON SALE AT
ALL NEWSSTANDS

a suddenly remembered appointment. If the ladies present enjoyed this sight of the shoe on the other foot, I'll say they ought to be forgiven, for few of them had not at one time or another been the victim when the discomfiting talent of our Margot Asquith had one of its urges for expression.

But I started to tell something about the circles in which the Roosevelts are unpopular. Besides the coterie that bridles when it hears "Tories" and "money changers," there are wives of senators and representatives with grown children of their own—and that includes New Dealers with Democrats and Republicans.

Maybe the President and his wife are not to blame, but, you'll hear somebody say, there is something strange about the upbringing of five children of whom three couldn't stay married, with doubts being expressed in the public prints about a fourth.

The "Roosevelt kids" are put down as spoiled. Well, I've danced with all four of the boys, and I'd call them pretty smooth, self-confident articles. And why not? Elliott, who pans his father's policies sometimes on the radio, reminds you of a little boy who invites you to "feel my muscle." If he brags, it isn't about being a President's son; it's about how strong he is. He can walk on his hands.

And while I'm indulging in personalities, I'll tell you a story about the boys' sister.

WHILE Anna Eleanor was living in the White House, she summoned Washington's ace dentist on a hurry call. He naturally dropped everything and buzzed around there. The sufferer turned out to be one of Anna's prize dogs who had broken a tooth, and would he repair the damage with invisible bridgework?

They do say that Dr. X didn't say a word until he hit Pennsylvania Avenue, and what he said then only the statue of old Andy Jackson, across the street, knows.

To be honest, I'm not sure I know any of us who could pass the acid test for publicity-shunning. Well, possibly home-loving, divorce-hating Mrs. Jim Farley. She is dead set against her husband's running for any office.

When the Postmaster General made his famous speech at the last Jackson Day dinner, which began, "Mr. President and Fellow Candidates," his daughter Elizabeth rushed to her mother in great alarm. "We'll have to work on daddy harder than ever," she cried. "Because he has gone and done it! He has announced he is a candidate! You scold him good and plenty, mother."

Particulars aside, official Washington's mothers of grown children are loud in deploring the fact that, in these days of wavering moral standards and youthful bewilderment, the most publicized family in the United States should present the example of domestic infelicity among its younger members. Personally, I think they

are worrying over nothing, these fretting mamas. I cannot imagine any girl or young man of my acquaintance getting a divorce just to keep up.

And most of these mamas have at least one secret gratitude for Mrs. Roosevelt's breezy informality. For twenty-three years there has existed a club, the maternal parent of our own Daughters of the Senate—DOTS. The senior organization rejoices in the stuffy name of the Ladies of the Senate. If our initials provoke the nickname DOTS, then the mamas' sorority can be contracted to LOTS—lots of gossip, lots of politicking. And I do mean politicking. As I look them over, it seems to me that sixty of the ninety-six senators owe their positions in life to their wives, who were either smarter than their spouses and supplied the brains that brought them to the Senate, or else had the money which enabled friend husband to get where he is. (I know, I know—you

IT'S ALWAYS OPEN SEASON

for senators' daughters, or many a publicity hunter seems to think it is. Some of that hunting is done with candid cameras, and sometimes the kind of publicity sought would be ruinous to the young woman's father. So senators' daughters—according to the one of them who actually is the author of these articles—soon learn to watch their steps in all sorts of circumstances. One thing they must never do is get pinched for speeding, particularly not in their home states.

Last week this anonymous member of the Daughters of the Senate Club conceded that Washington isn't all trickery or meanness. She, and her fellow DOTS like Kansas' veteran Senator Capper well enough to be indulgent about his fondness for dancing, in spite of his rather rugged way of doing it. They don't mind helping their mamas fish Senator Vandenberg's cigar butts from behind the radiators after a social evening. They join in the laughs at the gossip about efforts by F. D. R. to get Secretary of War Woodring out of his Cabinet, and they recall with amusement how some of them were rushed by young Mr. Holt of West Virginia after his election to the Senate and until he came of age to be sworn in—and no longer.

She says her older friends tell her gossip in Washington is nothing to what it was in the Harding days. Still, the New Deal has brought into the limelight people whom her friends consider "queerer" than any they remember from any former administration.

think I'm going to say that money is more useful than brains in obtaining a senatorship. Well, *you* say it.)

But to get back to Mrs. Roosevelt and the LOTS. Among these Ladies of the Senate, the elder ones dominate. Mrs. John N. Garner is the big boss, and great influence is wielded by Mrs. Claude A. Swanson, widow of the Secretary of the Navy and late senator from Virginia; Mrs. Key Pittman, wife of the Nevada senator; and others. The younger members dare not dodge sessions of the LOTS, which are given over to sewing or knitting and gossip, all pretty tedious.

The President's wife, being an honorary member automatically, had not been at the first LOTS meeting in 1933 for more than fifteen minutes

when she lit a cigarette. The gasp that went up from the shocked elders was drowned out by the rustle of cellophane as all the younger ones opened their cigarette packs and then and there established the new precedent that ladies *do* smoke.

Mrs. Roosevelt is not what you would call a smoker at all. I am told she uses cigarettes only to place smokers at their ease in her presence.

Don't you stand in awe of Mrs. Senator So-and-So, ever; or her husband or daughter, for that matter. They are more scared of you, as a voter and one who can influence votes, than you need be by their title.

Right now there is a honey of a feud going on in LOTS. There are so many ex-senators' wives cluttering up the club that the younger element wants the society reorganized in some way to bar those whose membership dates back to the Harding and Coolidge regimes. However, Mrs. Garner and her cabinet of veterans' wives are against it, so I guess we'll have to take it out in grumbling something about meetings of the Ladies of the Senate looking like mob scenes for a movie about the G. A. R. Auxiliary.

GOING back to wifely money and brains for a moment—that is what got Senator Taft where he is. Robert Alphonso Taft, by the standards of appraisal employed by the politically wise, is a nice, amiable, intelligent fellow, but not nearly as smart as his brother Charlie. He is smart enough, however, to let Martha Bowers Taft (who was raised in Washington) wear the pants, so to speak, and every speech he makes, every picture he poses for, is subject to his wife's censorship, if she hasn't originated it.

Of course some senators do not have to expend their own or their wives' brains and money to become one of the nation's ninety-six nabobs. Harry S. Truman of Missouri, for instance, laughingly admitted that back in 1934 his ambition was to be tax collector for Jackson County; but Boss Tom Pendergast of Kansas City regretfully informed Truman that the nomination and election had been promised another. However, the senatorial nomination was open, and Pendergast advised Truman to accept that, because, even if he were not elected, the campaigning experience would be good for him. But, to pretty nearly everybody's surprise, the New Deal swept the country a second time, and Truman was elected. This year he is a candidate for renomination and re-election; but he has to go it on his own, for there is no Boss Pendergast or Kansas City machine any more.

Which reminds me of Associate Justice Frank Murphy of the United States Supreme Court, who broke up the Pendergast machine. A bachelor and a handsome one, and a mighty smooth dancer, Murphy was the catch of the year when he was appointed Attorney General in 1939. All the mamas of marriageable daughters in Wash-

His Sparkling
CALOX SMILE
thrills millions...

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IS HE?**

Star of
the Universal Production
"IF I HAD MY WAY"



CLUES by Sheilah Graham
Famous Movie Reporter

1. Who is 35 years young yet a millionaire?
2. Who got his first break as a "crooner" with Paul Whiteman's Orchestra?
3. You heard his gifted voice and saw his flashing Calox smile in "The Star Maker." What's his name?

(Check your answer below. Star's name is at bottom of page*)

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POLISHES
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the mouth, sweetens the breath



Helps your "Teeth shine like
the stars" by bringing
out natural lustre

*Bing Crosby

**Read how Jane won that
"HOLLYWOOD SPARKLE"!**



1 **Bob:** "Something's wrong when you pass up one of my *Cherry Whips!*"
Jane: "You'd be blue, too, if a director told you everything was okay except for your smile."



2 **Bob:** "Still trying to get on the stage? Well, here's a tip. Plenty of our customers use Calox Tooth Powder because its 5 *Cleansing Agents* help dull-looking teeth sparkle!"



3 **Producer:** "Who's the knockout you've got in the front line, Mac?"
Director: "All I know is I gave her a chance and she said something about 'thanks to Calox!'"

The Man who Came to Dinner

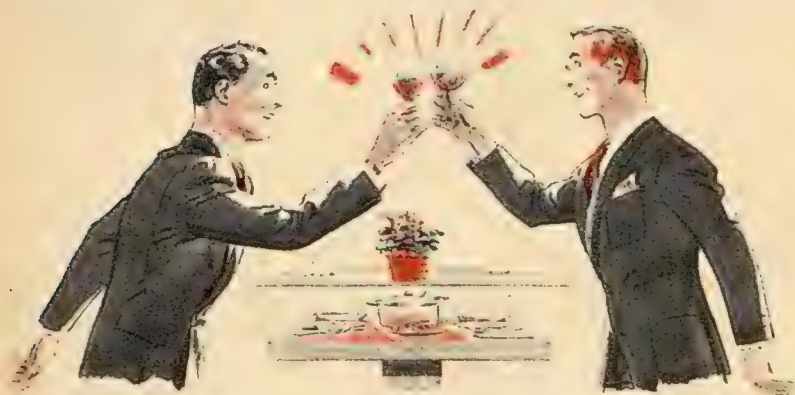
(AND THE WHISKEY THAT CAME TO STAY!)



I had asked him up to dinner (though the family was away) ...
To sample my spaghetti, and pass the time of day.
He arrived complete with package, and as I took his hat
He said, "If you know whiskey, I bet you go for that."



The bottle was *Paul Jones*; said I, "Let's have a try!"
"You'll like it fine," he said, "because you see it's DRY!"
I made us some Manhattans (I make 'em rather well)
I used the *Paul Jones* whiskey to see if taste would tell.



He said, "Here's luck! It's DRY, it's brisk, it's grand."
I tasted once, tasted twice, and then held out my hand;
"Here's luck is right," I said, and toasted it this way:
"To the man who came to dinner, this whiskey's come to stay!"



I've learned a lot about *Paul Jones*, since that lucky night;
It's whiskey ev'ry single drop—and ev'ry drop is right;
Its zest makes all drinks tingle...and this is my advice:
You won't buy better whiskey, at near its new low price!

Paul Jones

IT'S DRY... AND WHAT A BUY!

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.,
Louisville & Baltimore

ington determined to snare the redheaded saint from Michigan, but he was as wily as a mountain trout. Now that he is on the Supreme Court, he is out of reach; but for the year that he was fair game the ambitious mamas stopped at practically nothing. And for once, perhaps, most of them got co-operation from their daughters.

The man problem is really a serious one in Washington, where our main activity is "going out." Most members of Congress live in hotels. Of course it is too much to ask that the young folks sit around in a hotel bedroom night after night, and naturally no girl is going to prowls the lobbies. Besides, the elders are on the go most of the time. A great deal of the preliminary work to any legislation is accomplished at parties, and here is where the "Social Lobby" comes in. Suppose a senator's vote is needed. He and his wife are asked to a couple of dinners by hostesses who are interested in the legislation. Papa Senator finds himself flanked by charming ladies, markedly décolleté, who prattle during the meal of the importance of the pending bill.

"Of course you are going to vote for it, are you not, senator?"

Papa has been primed with dry Martinis, Chablis with the fish course, and Chambertin with the entree. Before the ladies leave the table, he will have pledged his vote for the bill or will have blabbed his reasons for staying on the fence.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the table, mama has been flattered by the suave gentlemen flanking her. Her gown (from the home-town Dresse Shoppe) has been complimented, her timid witticisms received with delighted chuckles: "You have the wit of Lady Astor, Mrs. Senator!" Softened by flattery and wine, mama is an easy convert to the cause of Senate Bill 999999, and later argues papa into supporting it.

The "paid hostesses" in Washington are not all in the employ of the hotels. Dear me, no!

But while parents are dining out and being politically seduced, what of us girls?

Some, as I have related, seek independence and careers. Others go to college, and some go elegantly to the dogs.

STILL, the students cannot study every night and all day Sunday, and the working girls quit their desks and counters at five o'clock perforce. And, in any event, from Christmas to July 4 there are always parties. With the ratio of the sexes five females to one male, you can figure for yourself that almost anything in pants—even if they are rented dress trousers—can fly high while his strength lasts.

In the long run, it is worst for the young bachelors. They are spoiled by the courtship of half a dozen pretty, vivacious, well dressed young women who stand ready to pay all expenses for a night of fun. Suppose when Miss Capitol Deb puts her hand in her escort's for the last dance at the Shoreham or the Raleigh, it holds a tightly folded twenty-dollar bill which the young man palms without batting an eye: who is to know? How else could a twenty-five-dollar-a-week job holder buy dinner, drinks, and transportation for the young lady?

I think there ought to be a law forbidding members of Congress to bring their wives and children to the capital city. It would save the wives and daughters money, morale, and mental anguish. Maybe the mamas would worry about the influences to which the papas are subjected, but they do anyhow. I think that if its womenfolk were barred from Washington Congress would do its necessary business more quickly, more efficiently, and with less wear on aging arteries and stomachs.

I said that to my father once in one of his less senatorial moments. He came right back at me.

"Why not move the Capitol to Alcatraz?" said he.

What about celebrities of the hour in the roles they are playing on the Washington stage? Paul V. McNutt as a plain man of the pee-pul; John L. Lewis as a social lion—how do these two look from behind the scenes? And what are a wide-awake DOT'S impressions of the diplomatic bigwigs from Europe, and of some of Uncle Sam's own ambassadors? My dear! Trust the Senator's Daughter to reveal all this and much more to you next week!



The Author

Crimes

WE DARE NOT

talk about

**For parents! A challenge to
straight thinking and plain talk
about a growing national peril**

BY JOSEPH F. TIMILTY

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

POLICE COMMISSIONER FOR THE CITY OF BOSTON

HE had the appearance of a fine young man, a youth with a bright future. I found it hard to realize that he was a murderer—that he had brutally attacked and beaten a four-year-old boy and left him in a field to die.

"What made you do it?" I asked. His blue eyes looked straight at me; his lips twitched nervously.

"I don't know, Mr. Commissioner. I didn't mean to do anything—just went for a walk. I saw him playing there alone on the sidewalk. Something came over me, some force stronger than me. Before I knew it—"

He broke off as if he also could not realize what he had done. A detective led him away. A few days later

he was sentenced to prison for life.

"It's good to know men like that are in prison," a Boston business man told me afterward. "Jail—or the chair—is the best thing for them. With such creatures under lock and key, the rest of us can feel safe."

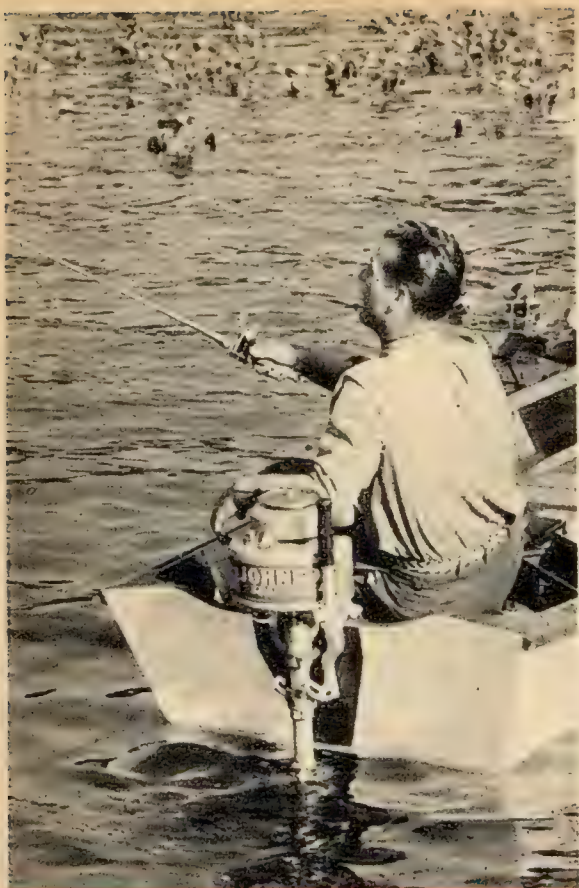
But the business man was not entirely right. Sending abnormal offenders to jail is the greatest mistake we are making in law enforcement today. These men need not imprisonment but hospitalization.

Decent men and women, however, have a tendency to turn away in disgust from such cases. Newspapers and magazines need to be fearless in driving home to parents the need for care concerning this growing problem.

I believe the time has come when we must break this conspiracy of silence. While practically every other type of crime in the country shows a sharp decline, crimes by depraved persons are mounting alarmingly.

The decrease of major crime in general has been due largely to the improved efficiency in law enforcement. But why has this improvement failed to deter the sex criminal? The answer lies in the lack of proper corrective measures for this criminal after conviction. Prison does such men and women no good whatsoever, and they do the prisons much harm.

Often, in fact, judges and district attorneys, who recognize the demoralizing effect which depraved criminals



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You can lean *heavy* when you've got a Johnson Sea-Horse. These little devils are gluttons for punishment. They'll tear around like demons to get you to a good fishing spot in a hurry. Or they'll hold a s-l-o-w trolling pace all day without a whimper. Dual Carburetion is a Johnson feature that gives you smooth, steady going through the *full range* of your throttle!

Johnson Dependability **\$49⁵⁰**
AS LOW AS *fab factory*

The most popular fishing models of the famous Johnson line are the smaller Perfected Alternate Firing Twins. They are tops because of their (1) wonderful, alternate firing smoothness, (2) built-in Underwater Exhaust and (3) REVERSE. *Only Johnson has all three!*

Ask your Johnson Dealer for a demonstration. You'll find his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified phone directory. Sea-Horse prices are *low*, and many Johnson dealers sell on easy time payments.

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All Three:

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2. Built-In Underwater Exhaust
3. REVERSE with 360° Steering

may have on prison populations, refuse to send them to institutions unless the seriousness of the crime makes it absolutely necessary. In minor violations the courts invariably impose suspended sentences. Thus allowed to continue at liberty, these criminals remain a constant danger. If we had hospitals or clinics where they could be studied and the disorders of mind which caused their crimes could be removed, the perpetrators of minor offenses could be "cured" before they had a chance to commit major crimes.

Prison usually aggravates their criminality. After long months behind bars they are more dangerous than ever. They may corrupt other prisoners. And on their release they invariably return to abnormal habits.

Imprisonment of one culprit has no deterring effect upon others because no logic lies behind such crimes. Asked what made them do so, they almost invariably reply as did the youth in my office: They don't know.

POLICE have to deal with two distinct kinds of sex offenses. First, and most tragic, are those known as "direct crimes." Second are the "indirect"—petty larcenies, purse snatchings, pocket-picking, small hold-ups, theft of automobiles, usually committed by youths fifteen to twenty years of age for the purpose of getting money to entertain their girl friends.

Only a physician, a psychiatrist, could discuss authoritatively the basic conditions which make a person capable of becoming an abnormal criminal. These conditions lie beyond the scope of police investigation.

But we do know, from our records, that most of these criminals begin their careers while still in school. In case after case, they tell us: "Aw, some kid in school taught me."

The great majority of our boys and girls are fine and good. School authorities are not to blame for the small percentage which goes wrong. But from it the evil spreads.

Official medical figures show that eleven thousand new cases of venereal disease are reported each year among children eight to fifteen years of age.

In one large Eastern city, a young girl showed great attachment to her teacher, a woman in her late twenties. Friends of the girl began to notice that she was sometimes strangely silent, sometimes radiantly happy. One day that girl was found dead, a suicide. Beside her was a crudely written note addressed to "Darling," begging forgiveness for what she was doing. Thus did one girl find a way out of a problem she hardly understood.

It is heartbreaking to read such a note, more heartbreaking yet to realize that thousands of boys and girls develop a short circuit in their mental and emotional wiring. Having done so, they begin to regard themselves as different from the rest of the world. Their natures become more and more egocentric. They feel a sense of superiority to every one else, to moral and legal codes.

In their teens and early twenties they find their excitements in liquor and sex. In most states minors are not allowed to drink, but there seems always to be some older person who will help them violate the law.

For the girl, the mile-a-minute excitement and abandon of this period wear away quickly. Often she continues in a life of vice merely for money. From this type comes the dangerous "gun-moll," the sweetheart of the gangster. Such is the life followed by many of the girls who in school days carry on "affairs."

Most dangerous of all criminals is the abnormal male offender of the first, "direct," type. Unlike the woman, he is not out for money or for love. He is impelled only by abnormal craving over which he has no control. His victim may be an infant girl or boy.

In his book, *Designs in Scarlet*, Courtney Ryley Cooper writes that crimes of youth have three main causes—"sex, liquor, and automobiles." The three are closely linked.

A young boy knows a girl with the reputation of being "easy." All you need do, the fellows say, is to feed her a little liquor. But this boy hasn't the spending money. Well, there are ways to get money, as he finds out from members of his gang. He may snatch a purse or stick up a gas station or a drugstore. He decides to take the chance. Usually he works with some youthful pal. They keep on until they are at last captured. The judge may give them a suspended sentence and place them on probation. Still they go on with their criminal activities. Captured again, they are sent to reform school.

During this first period of incarceration such a boy becomes more unbalanced than ever. Released, his first desire is for feminine companionship. Again this requires money. Again he attempts robbery. By now he is a "professional criminal."

MANY of these indirect sex criminals could be turned into honest citizens. If every person charged with a felony were examined by medical experts, as the laws in Massachusetts require, I believe we could greatly reduce our \$15,000,000,000 annual crime bill.

In the hospitals established for such criminals, any found to be suffering from venereal disease should be immediately segregated. Those found to be suffering from mental instability not thus caused should be treated psychoanalytically. Almost every one of the "direct" sex criminals, and many of the "indirect," have something mixed up in their minds—a traffic jam in the mental processes. In many noncriminal cases physicians have demonstrated that psychoanalysis can straighten out these jams. It can do the same for the criminals.

A youth in a well-to-do family had an older brother who was better looking, stronger, smarter. The younger brother developed into a moody individual. He had but few friends of his own age during his teens. Especially

did he shun feminine companionship, imagining that girls found him unattractive.

In the household was an elderly cook who had been in the employ of the family for years. One morning the boy attempted to attack her. It was only then that the family realized something ought to be done. They called in a psychiatrist, who quickly found that the boy suffered from a terrific inferiority complex, brought on by the praises every one gave to the older brother.

"Can this boy do anything—sing or paint or something like that?" the psychiatrist asked.

"He always said he wanted to play the piano, but we never took it seriously," the mother said.

"Well, take it seriously now. Get him a piano teacher."

Three years later, that boy had learned to play so well he was regarded as a young genius. No longer was he a menace. His feeling of inferiority was gone.

Efforts to carry out such psychological treatment are on the increase. Much has been done in the Psychopathic Clinic of the Recorder's Court in Detroit, and other isolated examples could be cited. But this treatment should be made a regular part of all court procedure.

Abnormal criminals are found in all classes of society. They often appear perfectly normal. Protection of the public is, of course, our primary consideration. The sex criminal must be taken off the streets—that is our first job. To handle this problem in Boston, we have formed two squads, one of men and one of women. These squads are doing valuable work in cutting down such offenses of all kinds and eradicating causative conditions. We have also the Judge Baker Guidance Center and the Boston Juvenile Courts, where corrective measures are taken in the cases of exceptionally young delinquents. We plan, moreover, to establish a Boston Police Crime Prevention Bureau, where all first offenders will be studied and helped back to the right path.

BUT mere arrest of a few offenders will not remove this danger. What can you, as a private citizen, do to help? First, and most important, I believe that campaigns should be launched by individuals in every community to obtain hospitals for most of these men and women. I am certain that even in dollars and cents the results would be more than worth the cost.

Secondly, the public must see to it that all offenses of this nature, minor or serious, are reported. Often, police have found, they are not reported because of embarrassment and fear of publicity.

Not long ago a young woman was accosted as she was returning to the roominghouse where she lived. She pushed the man away from her, and mentioned the experience to no one, made no report to police.

A week later, on the same street, another young woman was dragged to a near-by alley, beaten senseless, and criminally attacked. Her unconscious form was found several hours afterward by a passer-by. Through the description she was able to give, authorities arrested her attacker. Only then did they learn of the earlier attempt—from the prisoner himself. Had the first attack been reported, the second might never have happened.

I believe, also, that parents can help in great measure by warning their children about sex criminals. Often, naturally, parents are reluctant to discuss such matters with young and impressionable children. However, with care and intelligence, a father or mother can instruct a child at least enough to warn him, particularly against going anywhere with a stranger on the promise of a stick of candy, soda, or some such typical lure.

As for our adolescent age groups, the best way to accomplish good is to discuss frankly with young men and women all the ramifications and reasons behind our moral codes, and their relation to sex delinquency and crime.

The first requirement is that we break our silence about these crimes. We must dare to speak about them openly in good society. In this way only can we bring home to the public, and to authorities, the realization that the "sex fiend" should be eliminated from society, but placed in a medical institution and not a prison.

When that is done, we shall have won our first real victory over this growing threat.

THE END



Carol Landis, starring in the Hal Roach production, "One Million B.C.", meets many . . .



. . . prehistoric monsters, but none so old as . . .



. . . Brontosaurus, who lived 130 million years ago. And yet before he lived, Nature was mellowing and filtering the crude oils used today in refining Sinclair Motor Oils. Oldest crudes, expertly refined, make . . .



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FASHION

Quiz

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

By

ELIZABETH HAWES

Famous designer; author of
Fashion Is Spinach



1—What contribution have Eskimos made to recent fashion?

2—Who made bobbed hair fashionable for women?

3—What is a fichu?

4—What poet appeared at a luncheon party unclothed?

5—What does "Liberty" mean to clothes?

6—Who was Dolly Varden and to what did she give her name?

7—What best-dressed man is an expert on railroads?

8—Give the source of:

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew . . .

9—What group of American men wear high heels?

10—What lady is famous for taking off bits of clothes? What lady is famous for putting on a bit of clothes?

11—Complete the lines of the following songs: (a) "Put on your—"; (b) "Beautiful faces need—"; (c) "In my sweet—"; (d) "Button up—."

12—How many layers of cloth does the average man wear around his neck?

13—What decorations have the following animals contributed to women's dress: egrets, whales, weasels, alligators?

14—What gambling game uses clothes for stakes?

15—What is a stomacher?

16—Name three countries in which men sometimes wear skirts.

17—What queen wore a rug the first time she met a foreign general?

18—Name a famous French designer who is English by birth; one who is American by birth.

19—What is shoddy?

20—With what famous personages do you associate the following hats: Top hat; brown derby; homburg?

22—What international event made wrist watches popular for American men?

23—What woman's garment takes its name from a nineteenth-century dress reformer?

24—What is felt made of?

25—Who first introduced long trousers in England?

26—What famous personage lost her life in 1927 because of her costume?

27—What article of dress brought about a marriage between a prince and a commoner?

28—Who was first called "the glass of fashion"?

29—What is the difference between the Diamond Horseshoe and the Koh-i-noor diamond?

30—What famous warrior was disguised as a girl to keep him out of war?

31—What have a French actress, a French courtesan, and a French painter contributed to the art of costume?

32—What do the initials ILGWU stand for?

33—What is sizing?

34—Who first made trousers popular for women?

35—What American poet speaks of Beauty wearing a "massive sandal"?

36—What nineteenth-century statesman gave his name to a kind of collar?

37—What fur and what place of amusement have a name in common?

38—Name four styles of men's coats known by proper names.

39—What articles of clothing, besides watches, have to do with time?

40—What animal does the fur "lapin" come from?

(Answers will be found on page 49)

21—Who attempted to revive the tight-waisted corset in 1939?

WHAT OTHER DRIVERS THINK OF



Asleep AT THE WHEEL

BY FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Nation-wide responses and a variety of solutions follow Bernarr Macfadden's warning

AN Irish taxicab driver, awaiting a fare outside the City Hall hack stand in Detroit, put aside the copy of *Liberty* he had been reading and reached for pencil and paper to write the magazine's publisher, Bernarr Macfadden, a letter.

The only paper he could find was a mimeographed form—TO ALL UNORGANIZED TAXI DRIVERS IN MICHIGAN—issued by Transport Workers Union of America, Local No. 152. The back of it was blank, and after a moment of reminiscence he inscribed, democratically:

"My dear Sir Bernarr:

"Is that what the boys call you? I can remember you as far back as 1923 when you were here in Detroit. . . . You have become quite a big shot since then—and good luck to you. . . ."

He explained that he had been driving a car professionally since he was sixteen (3,000 miles a month; 36,000 miles a year) without an accident. Then he got to the core, the purpose, of his letter:

"The best precaution to take from falling asleep at the wheel is this: Carry a thermos bottle with you in your car filled with cold milk and drink it every half hour or so and it will really keep you going and awake at all times."

On the same day that James O'Rourke, the Detroit cabby, wrote his letter, a man in Santa Fe, New Mexico, sat down before a typewriter and pounded out a vivid letter to Mr. Macfadden.

He had just read the same article in the same issue of *Liberty*, that of December 23, 1939, and he was very lucky, now, to be writing a letter to Mr. Macfadden or any one else.

Four years ago, he wrote, he had been within thirty miles of home after having driven more than 400 miles that day over mountain roads. One minute he had been driving along the road; the next, staggering about in a deep pit beside it, bleeding at the nose, badly bruised from heel to head, and unable to remember anything except the sound of a loud crash.

A friend who had been driving behind him told him later what had happened. His car, it seems, left the road. It did a complete end-over-end loop and a roll-over, and plunged into the pit.

But no one yet, the New Mexico man writes, has been able to tell him how he ever got out of his car, which was found wrecked beyond repair, *with all its doors closed*. Or, for that matter, how he escaped death.

The New Mexico man was no novice driver. Since 1907 he has averaged 40,000 miles of driving a year over the most dangerous roads in the Far West.

He writes: "I have . . . but one blot on my escutcheon, namely, 'asleep at the wheel.'" And he, like the Detroit cab driver, has a suggestion: "If you are a pipe smoker, light up, and if you find that the pipe droops in the mouth, you are sleepy."

But both men agree, in their letters, that it is far safer, when sleepiness overtakes you while driving, to get off the road—and sleep!

And their conclusion tallies with that of scores of other persons, from truck drivers to doctors, who read the same article in *Liberty* and promptly sat down to write to Mr. Macfadden.

Those letters flooded in from every part of the United States.

That article, *Asleep at the Wheel*, was a true personal experience narrated by Mr. Macfadden. He told how, after thirty years of safe driving, he fell asleep at the wheel of his car, ditched and upset his car, and suffered severe cuts and bruises.

Later, aware that he might easily have been killed, and astounded that in all the warnings issued to the public little had been said about danger of falling asleep at the wheel, he conducted an investigation.

Actual statistics were difficult to obtain, he found, since the average driver who escapes with his life hesitates to report a wreck caused by what he considers his personal foolishness. However, it was learned that in twenty-seven states, during 1938, 650 drivers killed themselves as a result of falling asleep at the wheel.

Mr. Macfadden turned to possible remedies. What could be done about this all too common source of automobile fatalities in the United States?

"At the first sign of sleepiness at the wheel," he cautioned, "stop then and there."

But, recognizing that human nature or circumstances often convince a driver that he can make his destination without falling asleep, Mr. Macfadden listed stopgap remedies which other drivers had found helpful. These included chewing gum, loud singing, and stopping the car long enough to walk around it a few times.

Out of his own experience he added: stopping near a field and taking
(Cont'd on third page following)

For little travelers



on Big Trips...

*"Clean across
the country"*



Little travelers on big trips get so restless, tired and dusty. It's such a comfort, when children are along, to pause and refresh at a Texaco *Registered* Rest Room.

Refresh yourself, too, at clean, spic-and-span *Registered* Rest Rooms wherever you drive.

You'll find them in all 48 States . . . completely equipped with running water, soap, towels, mirror for your convenience.

Every *Registered* Rest Room sign is backed by the Texaco Dealer's signed pledge; while the famous "White Patrol" inspection cars help to keep that rest room fully equipped and everlastingly clean.

And don't forget that the Texaco Dealer also offers you . . . Circle Service . . . stepped-up Fire-Chief gasoline and the luxury motor fuel, *SKY CHIEF* for those who want the best . . . *Insulated* Havoline and Texaco Motor Oils. The best way to enjoy your next long trip is to stop first at a Texaco Dealer.

TEXACO DEALERS

Originators of *REGISTERED* REST ROOMS

Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—a full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wed. Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.

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(Cont'd from third page preceding) ing an exercise to thoroughly stretch the spine; letting a date, source of nourishment and energy, slowly dissolve in the mouth.

Concluding his account, Mr. Macfadden wrote: "This subject is so important we would be glad to hear from drivers who have other methods of keeping awake. Such advice, if broadcast, might be very valuable."

And the advice poured in. An incredible mass of it. A truck driver in Stockton, California, wrote that he had found that by adding a little salt to coca-cola he could keep awake. "If this solution of mine will save a life," he added, "I will feel that I have done something for humanity."

A ship's photographer in San Diego sent in the same remedy and said: "The only reason that I can find for the way that this remedy works is to compare it to the salt tablets which steelworkers use instead of water."

A man who wrote he had driven one million miles found that putting menthol on his eyebrows kept him awake.

A woman driver said that she generally carried a small sack of oranges on the seat beside her. Peeling the oranges with her teeth forced her to slow down; the juice of the orange warded off sleepiness. A Pennsylvania dentist had also found this method successful. Others recommended eating apples while driving.

Black coffee, chocolate bars, sugar, tabasco sauce, iced drinks were suggested. Many writers had found that remedies which helped friends of theirs only put them to sleep.

A New York chauffeur reported success from popping a number of pieces of hard candy into his mouth. He could not fall asleep with his mouth full of candy, and after they dissolved slowly he stayed awake.

One man massaged the nape of his neck, another twisted his head from side to side, while a third sat off center on a board or telephone book.

Several drivers had found that praying aloud was helpful, and one elderly autoist wrote that he sang hymns at the top of his voice.

OTHER ingenious external remedies included deep breathing, smelling salts, washing the face with cold water, closing and opening the eyes irregularly, driving in stocking feet, and holding the left foot off the floor.

One man wrote that he tuned his car radio so that it was just off the nearest loud station. The resultant irritating noise kept him awake.

Many readers prevented sleepiness by avoiding a heavy meal or any alcoholic liquor when faced with a night trip. A few reported excellent results obtained by taking only milk or water—no solid food of any sort—during a long or arduous drive.

A New York streetcar, bus, and truck driver summed up that school of thought with: "Don't eat a heavy meal. Don't mix alcohol with your gasoline. And don't drive more than sixteen hours without some sleep."

A Columbus, Ohio, doctor said that he had discovered by accident, after twice falling asleep at the wheel of his car, that he could banish all drowsiness during a long auto trip through the use of a benzedrine inhaler. It is a remedy, he said, that must be used cautiously by any one suffering from high blood pressure.

In addition to these devices, the mail which poured in described a number of mechanical inventions. One was a device that fastened around the driver's neck. When he became drowsy, his drooping chin pressed a push button which rang a loud electrically operated bell.

Other devices, when the sleepy driver's hand began to relax on the wheel, opened the windshield, admitting enough fresh air to awaken him, or they automatically shut off the ignition and applied the brakes.

A THOUGHTFUL analysis of the many letters suggesting preventives of going to sleep at the wheel can lead to only one honest conclusion.

There is no single universal cure-all. What one man writes has worked magic for him has—some other man writes—merely served to bring sleep more quickly.

Even the most enthusiastic discoverers of "remedies" were agreed in their letters upon this point:

When drowsiness comes while driving, *stop driving!* Get off the road and sleep.

Here, too, individual needs differ. One driver tells of exhausted motorists who stumbled out of their cars, fell to the ground, and slept like dead men for the next thirty-six hours. Another driver, a woman, says that the trick is to nap holding a heavy auto tool in one hand. The relaxing hand drops the tool. The noise awakens the driver. This woman has found that the fewer seconds she sleeps, the more rested and less sleepy she is. Other drivers depend upon passing traffic to awaken them.

Traffic statistics indicate that while there is only one third as much traffic on the streets and roads at night as by day, two thirds of all fatal accidents occur at night. It is reasonable to suppose that the percentage of those accidents caused by drivers falling asleep at the wheel is correspondingly high at night.

What has automotive science itself done to mitigate this condition? Perhaps the greatest preventive is one that has just been introduced on 1940 cars—the new "sealed beam" lighting system. While even this vastly improved means of road illumination is no guaranty against the driver who sets out too tired and too sleepy, it will undoubtedly prevent many accidents in borderline cases.

For among the letters that came in to Liberty were a number suggesting that, in many cases, the fixed focus of the driver's eyes upon the narrow strip of road illumined by his headlamps was in itself conducive to a sort of hypnotic state that put the driver to sleep.

The new sealed beam headlamps now provide wide-angle illumination hitherto unknown. This serves to light up road shoulders, fence posts, sides of roads, and overhanging objects previously invisible. Awareness of these dangers will often serve to keep alive the driver's concentration on his task. Further, the relief from glare and the greater efficiency of this improved lighting will reduce eyestrain and fatigue that have made many a driver sleepy.

Another recent advance that has demonstrated positively its power to prevent accidents and reduce deaths has been highway illumination. Where volume of night traffic has justified the expense and highways have been illuminated, enthusiastic night drivers report that coming upon a stretch of lighted highway has a tonic effect that refreshes and revives them. Highway lighting reduces glare from improperly focused oncoming headlights, gives far greater visibility under such adverse conditions as fog, rain, and snow. Its ability to save lives and avert nighttime accidents has already been conclusively proven on Route 25 between Newark and Camden. There fatalities, which reached a high of twenty-four in 1937, were cut to five in 1939 *within six months* after installation of highway lighting.

THAT the average conscientious American driver is aware of the problem and in eager search of all means to its solution, the heavy mail which followed publication of *Asleep at the Wheel* fully indicates.

The district manager of a large Western automobile insurance company (he found tabasco sauce helpful) wrote:

"Sleep driving is a disease that should be fought as strenuously as the fight against dope or gangsters, cancer or tuberculosis. Yet it is something that only the individual can fight within himself. The preventive measure should be the moral responsibility of every driver to use, after he finds it, the best method most suitable to his own physical construction.

"The average motorist is a law-abiding citizen when he sits under the steering wheel of the car to proceed on his journey. Yet [on falling asleep] in one fraction of a second he changes unknowingly from a law-abiding citizen to one that is a felon against society. He not only robs himself of the right of health and happiness and the joy of living, but many times robs others of their very lives.

"Laws are made penalizing such actions *after* they happen, and our officers of the highway patrols throughout the country appear on the scene of the accident shortly after to take the offender—if still alive—into custody.

"I trust that your article, Mr. Macfadden, will in some manner help all drivers *before* the accident happens."

THE END



She shook her curls briskly back. "My feet feel better, but I can't get my shoes on."

BY
WYLLY FOLK ST. JOHN

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

OLD LADY FRAILEY crossed the road, carrying her basket of roses and bridal wreath with eggs underneath. She squinted down the asphalt. A car came swiftly toward her out of nowhere. She flung up a work-worn thumb. Her frazzled straw farm hat nearly blew off with the breeze of the car's oblivious passing. She settled the hat again with the spurned thumb, and spat philosophically after the gleam.

She was a battered and vigorous old woman, leathered by the sun, and walking upright. She had faded wiry

hair and bird-blue eyes. Her print dress was carelessly pinned together in front; her spreading shoes were dusty and comfortable. She was going to Jacksonville from her place just outside of town, to peddle her eggs and flowers.

The next car was the mail carrier's. He stopped, amiably, and offered Old Lady Frailey a lift. Like the rest of her acquaintances, he never suspected

that the roses and bridal wreath were merely props in the theater of Old Lady Frailey's occasional activities in the slightly nefarious.

About once a week she hitchhiked into town with her dewy basket. Once there, she entered with zest into the exciting game of who's-got-the-pocketbook. She was the old lady who had been standing innocently by you at the ribbon counter when you laid

down your purse for a moment. She was the old lady in the rest room who offered to call the police when you missed your fat suède pouch. She was the shrill creature on the crowded street who shrieked, "There he goes! Catch him!" when some one snatched your best leather handbag. Somehow you never thought of looking in her dingy underskirt for hidden pockets, or under the layer of drooping flowers for a bag too large to hide in her clothes.

Old Lady Frailey was "a great one for pocketbooks." That was what her few neighbors said when she showed them a new one. She never bought any clothes, but she always had a new pocketbook. "I just can't resist 'em," she told them complacently. "It's a hobby, like. Mike used to say everybody ought to have a hobby."

The money in the pocketbooks, of course, didn't mean a thing to her. It came in handy at times, and she had never known herself to bring home a shabby pocketbook, but she used the money only absent-mindedly and as though the ravens had brought it.

MR. HODGES, the mail carrier, put her down in the center of town and watched her take her stand modestly in front of Loeb's. "Don't mention it," he said politely when she thanked him for the ride.

But when she returned at night to her shack just off the paved road she didn't thumb a ride. She came paying her way grandly on the bus, and her flower basket held full brown-paper grocery sacks covering two beautiful new pocketbooks, one red leather, one black. "I b'lieve I like the red one best, though," she told herself chattily, as she picked her way in the dark across the stretch of sandy rough ground in front of her porch.

She heard the odd sound as she approached her steps. It was some one crying and talking at the same time, talking to Jack-dog, Old Lady Frailey's mongrel. She always referred to him as a Mixed Breed in a congratulatory tone, so as not to hurt his feelings. He was supposed to guard the chickens for her while she was away from home. Old Lady Frailey was very indignant on the subject of thieves when one of her Dominickers was missing. But deep in her heart she knew Jack-dog wasn't really a very good watchdog. Anybody could talk him into looking the other way, she grumbled to herself. But she didn't scold him. He was all she had to love. She had tried with the chickens; she gave them individual names and fed them out of her hand; but chickens just didn't have any personalities.

"Who's there?" she called out. Maybe it was Miz Todd from down the road.

But it wasn't Miz Todd. At her call, the sniffing and talking stopped. Then Jack-dog came bounding to meet her, with his extravagant leaps and wriggles that nearly knocked her down.

"Who is it, Jack-dog?" she asked.

On the step was huddled a forlorn little creature who stood up as if to run and then sat down again as if it were no use at all.

"I can't run," she said, tearful, lifting her white face to look at Old Lady Frailey appealingly. "I've blisters all over my feet. And I'm afraid to go out there on the road again. There were two men in a car tried to give me a ride, even when I told them I didn't want a ride—and if your dog hadn't come out barking . . ."

"He's a good dog, Jack-dog is," Old Lady Frailey said impersonally.

"So I just sat down here with him to rest a minute," the girl went on. "I'm so tired and hungry." She stated the facts with the implicit expectation of a child who has always had somebody to do something about it when she was tired or hungry. Old Lady Frailey found herself doing the something without really meaning to.

"Come on inside," she invited. "I've got a hunk of steak here to fry, and there's plenty of eggs."

The girl started to follow her, then hesitated. "I ought to tell you I'm not going to tell you who I am," she said honestly. "In case you thought you had to—to do something about me."

"Well, then, I won't tell you who I am, either," Old Lady Frailey said equably; "so we'll be even. You just call me—Nell." It had been a good many years since any one had called her Nell.

The girl's forlorn lips curved reluctantly as she entered into the game. "You call me Jenny," she bade. "I've always wished they'd named me Jenny."

OLD LADY FRAILEY saw now that she was older than she had supposed. She was about sixteen, dirty and tear-stained. But her dress was a once white tennis dress of expensive simplicity, and when she had washed bewilderedly in the battered enamel basin at the pump in the kitchen she turned out to be a rose leaf of a girl; pretty, too, with short-curved gold hair like petals about her face.

While they ate, Old Lady Frailey could see Jenny's eyes roving curiously about the one-room shack, looking at the unfinished pine of the walls, the makeshift furniture, the sagging bed in the corner. The sheets, Old Lady Frailey remembered suddenly, were simply fierce. She wondered if she could find a clean one.

"Could I stay here tonight?" Jenny asked at last, turning her gray troubled eyes on her hostess. "I have to get to another town—Savannah, maybe—and get a job. I didn't bring any money when I—" She broke off, twisting her hands in her lap.

"Sure you can stay," Old Lady Frailey said bluffly. "But there's only one bed—"

"Oh, that's all right," Jenny said doubtfully.

Old Lady Frailey hunted around in her boxes and trunks until she found clean sheets and pillowcases. She had

lots of nice things put away, she remembered. She just hadn't bothered about them since Mike died. She found two clean nightgowns with crocheted lace on the top. She gave Jenny one and put the other one aside to sleep in herself.

Jenny looked little and vulnerable, lost in the yellowed old-fashioned gown, lying drowsily in the big wooden bed. "Here's some salve for your feet," Old Lady Frailey told her. "It says 'Eagle Eye Salve' on the box, but it's good for most anything. I been usin' it on me and Jack-dog for years."

"Thank you," murmured Jenny politely, her eyes closing in spite of herself. "Tomorrow—" So Old Lady Frailey rubbed the salve on the tender blistered feet, as gently as her hard deft hands had ever comforted Jack-dog's sore paw, or his ear after a fight with Miz Todd's cat.

After Old Lady Frailey rinsed off the dishes and wiped them with a piece of an old flour sack, she washed out Jenny's brief underclothes and anklets and her white dress, and dried them with her old flatiron, heated on the cookstove. Then she eased softly into bed, careful not to touch the bright enigma sleeping soundlessly on the lonely side where Mike used to lie.

In the morning Old Lady Frailey surprised herself by getting up early. She wanted to pretend to herself that she always cleaned house on Sunday because she was away in town all day Saturday. She was sweeping the last of the trash with magnificent disregard into the back yard, when she found Jenny's eyes open, watching her.

"Well!" said Old Lady Frailey proudly. "I was just straightening up a little."

Jenny's look took in the changes with grave approval. Then she shook her curls briskly back and climbed out of bed. "My feet feel better," she said, "but I'm afraid I—I can't get my shoes on yet."

"That's all right," Old Lady Frailey comforted. "I'll get you my bedroom slippers. You couldn't hunt a job on Sunday, anyhow," she added tactfully. "And I'm fixin' to kill me a fryer for dinner that'll melt in your mouth. You just wait."

SHE found her old bedroom slippers, but she couldn't offer those dirty squashed things to that child. Suddenly she remembered a package put away in aging Christmas paper. Mike's last Christmas present to her: frivolous blue satin slippers trimmed in gold. She had fussed at him for buying her such a useless present, and she had never worn them because he had died so soon, and it had been unbearable to remember she had fussed at him.

Slowly she pulled out a bottom drawer, opened the package. "Here," she told the girl.

Jenny cast her a quick puzzled glance and put them on. "They're so soft," she said gratefully. "And oh, you've washed my dress! How nice of

you!" Impulsively she reached Old Lady Frailey and hugged her. And the mild amazement of warmth stole down to Old Lady Frailey's heart and made itself at home there.

Miz Todd always sent over the Sunday paper, the Jacksonville Times, when she was through with it. Sur-reptitiously Old Lady Frailey read it through for notice of a runaway girl, girl missing, girl kidnaped—but no such story appeared. Yet she knew Jenny must be important to some one. She was too well cared for to be allowed to drop out of sight without a search.

When Monday morning came, Jenny didn't say a word about going. She wandered around the yard, looking at the roses and sniffing them, throwing sticks for Jack-dog to chase, scattering feed for the chickens. Every day, then, she let the yellow grains run through her slender fingers, dusty with the chaff. She seemed almost happy, though the shack was so small and without what the owner called "conveniences."

And Old Lady Frailey liked for her to be there. The shack began to look more as it had looked when Mike built it, neat and compact, meaning to add to it later, meaning to make a fine home of it for Nell when his truck-gardening venture had proved a success. Now the truck garden was a waste of tin cans and old shoes, and the flowers in front were the only things that grew: rosebushes and shrubs that Mike had planted.

BUT since Jenny came Old Lady Frailey began to look at things differently. Curtains sprouted at the windows, old curtains Mike had liked, with brave faded flowers on them, monstrous unnatural flowers that were cheerful still. She had put away the curtains and the flowered dishes and the rag rugs after Mike died. It didn't seem to matter how things looked when she was alone. But now—now she wasn't alone.

Tuesday afternoon she took a rake and went after the back yard. She was going to pile all the cans and things down in a gully where they couldn't be seen. Maybe she could plant a fall garden there like she used to have: turnips and collards and carrots—such pretty ferny tops carrots had!

She straightened up when the horn blew in the front yard: that blithe horn that played an impudent tune occasionally to call her out of the house. It would be That Boy again. He came after eggs for his mother, Mrs. Tarver. He called Old Lady Frailey "Ma," and took her picture with that candid-camera contraption when she wasn't looking. He was as impudent as his car, swift and silver-and-maroon. Yet she liked him and his silly car; they were so young and gay, cheerful to look at.

When she gave him the eggs and took the money, she saw that his eyes were on the girl by the rosebushes.

"Got company, Ma?"

"My niece from Savannah," Old



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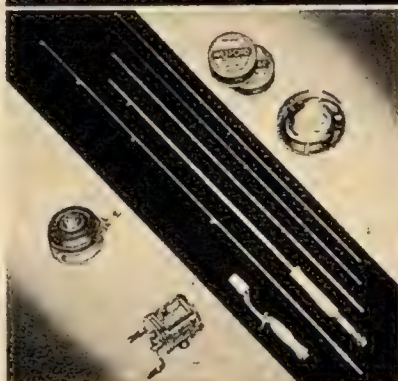
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Lady Frailey extemporized quickly. "She's keen-looking from where I'm sitting," Bill Tarver said. "I think we'll need some more eggs tomorrow. Reckon she'd bring 'em out to me, Ma?"

"No, she wouldn't," snapped Old Lady Frailey. "And there won't be any more eggs tomorrow. Week after next, maybe."

Saturday came: her day for going to town. She didn't feel quite as eager as usual for the excitements of choosing a new pocketbook. But they must eat; she had groceries to buy. And she planned to surprise Jenny with a new dress if she found enough money.

She had to select three different handbags before she could buy the dress she wanted: a blue shantung that would be just right for Jenny. She brought the box along with her on the bus, and in her basket she carried the groceries and the three pocketbooks.

Jenny was delighted with the dress. "Oh, but you shouldn't have—" she protested, her eyes sparkling. "But I was so tired of wearing that same old dress, and with you having to wash it practically every night—Thank you, Nell."

She began to take the groceries out of the basket. Old Lady Frailey got there just too late. She had already seen the pocketbooks.

"What—" she began. She picked up the elegant dark blue one with the gold initials on the clasp, and she was trembling. "Where did you get this?" she asked in the oddest voice.

Old Lady Frailey silently cursed her luck.

"I found it," she said rapidly. "I found all three of them—in the bus. Funny, wasn't it?" she added feebly.

BUT Jenny was too perturbed to wonder about that. "I suppose a name and address are inside?" she asked casually. "You'll be returning them?"

"Oh, yes," Old Lady Frailey said emphatically. "I always—er—I was going to find the owners. Of course."

"You wouldn't phone them to come after the pocketbooks? You won't have them come—here?" There was anxiety in her queer tense voice.

Unexpectedly light broke on Old Lady Frailey.

"That one's your ma's, ain't it?" she asked gently. "Don't you think maybe I ought to—"

The color washed out of the girl's face. She was quiet for a moment, unmoving. Then she lifted her chin with an effort, and offered, "I could tell you—why I ran away."

"You don't have to."

"I think I'd like to," Jenny answered gravely. "You've been good to me. I left because my mother and father were getting a divorce, and I overheard them quarreling about me. Both of them said they wouldn't give me up, and"—honesty forced it out, although tears blurred the words—"and I could tell it wasn't that either one wanted me; it was just to spite the other one." Her voice broke, and

gathered strength from somewhere, and went on, with a kind of still horror in it, looking inward at the words burned on her white mind: "Mother said she was taking me, and dad said he'd see her in hell first, and then she said he—he probably would."

Old Lady Frailey clenched sturdy fists. "Why, the—"

"You can see why I had to leave," Jenny said soberly, as one woman to another. "I had to get away—right then—"

"I reckon I won't bother to return the pocketbook," Old Lady Frailey said. "Let them worry. You can take it back to your ma—if you decide to go back."

Jenny shook her yellow head. "I'd like to stay here—forever," she said extravagantly, sincerely.

SHE took an odd delight in the unfamiliar near-primitive existence. It was like nothing she had ever done before. She had never lived literally on the ground until now. The fifth story of an exquisite apartment house was as near as she had come to earth. She had never had a dog. She held Jack-dog's head between her hands and gazed into his creek-brown eyes with loving intensity. "Dogs are so nice," she murmured irrelevantly.

But Billy Tarver hadn't been satisfied with a long-distance view of Old Lady Frailey's niece. He came out after more eggs, and maneuvered a closer look at Jenny, sitting on the porch edge making a basket out of wire grass, as Old Lady Frailey had shown her how—the wire grass they were digging up out of the truck garden.

When he saw Jenny's intent face, he stopped short, blinked, then moved warily forward with his candid camera cocked. Old Lady Frailey came around the corner of the house and saw him. She seized his arm, but he shouted, "Got it! Boy, will I make Peterson's Miami column with this! Bet he'll give me a regular job and a bonus!"

"Maybe you better go in the house, Jenny," Old Lady Frailey said grimly.

Jenny obeyed, her eyes guarded and troubled.

"Now what do you mean by that, Billy Tarver?"

"What do you mean by that Jenny stuff, Ma?" he retorted. "I don't know whether you're a kidnaper or what—but that girl is Peggy Huntingdon, and news in any language. What's she doing living here as your niece? That's what Miami will want to know, and I bet old Pete will tell 'em, after I tip him off."

Old Lady Frailey thought rapidly. "Come here, Billy," she said softly, crafty as a cat, purring. "Come here. I want you to meet Jenny." She knew the back door was locked and the windows much too small for his football bulk to get through. She pushed him through the front door, slammed it, and locked it quickly on the outside. Then, humming one of Mike's favorite bits of Irish ballad, she nailed a bar across it. She ignored the beating of

young Billy's fists on the sturdy doors. She closed and barred the storm shutters that served her tiny windows in place of glass or blinds. Billy's shouts were lessening now; she could hear the murmur of Jenny's voice sometimes. She called to her:

"Jenny! Don't you think it's time I went to see your mother now? You wouldn't want reporters out here after you, would you? I bet your mother could keep the papers from touching you—"

"Yes, I guess so, Nell." The girl's flat voice came to her muffled and defeated. "I guess you'll have to. It's the only thing to do. I knew I couldn't stay here long. And if I ran away again they'd find me too easily now. Probably mother's at the apartment—116 Reading. Dad's at the Biltmore."

"You keep young Billy here till I get back," Old Lady Frailey ordered. "Maybe you can teach him how to make a wire-grass basket. Or how to keep his mouth shut." She chuckled grimly as she went.

Mrs. Harmon Huntingdon was not pleased to be rushed out of her bubble bath to see what Riggs called "an old person talking nonsense about Miss Peggy." Yet she was obscurely alarmed. What? Wasn't Peggy with Harmon? But he had sworn he would take her, and she hadn't got around to doing anything legal about it yet. She knew the child was safe with Harmon; he adored her.

Standing flushed and damp in her towel robe, she called the Biltmore. "Harm? This is Doris. Where is Peggy?"

"Peggy!" His voice was incredulous and full of fear and full of quick self-reproach. "But— isn't she there? I haven't seen her since—since I left there—you know, two weeks ago tomorrow."

"Oh, where is she?" wailed Mrs. Huntingdon, suddenly realizing her criminal negligence. "You said you were taking her—I thought you had."

"You said you were keeping her!" he accused angrily. "But now, the thing is to find her. If anything's happened to her, I swear I'll—"

"Oh, Harm, don't—" his wife cried, in real tears now. "Come over here quickly. There's an old woman who says she knows something about Peggy."

"Why didn't you say so? I'll be right there."

OLD LADY FRAILEY watched Mr. Harmon Huntingdon enter with his wife, and she nodded to herself her shrewd discovery—Why, they love Jenny. And, more than that, they still love each other.

She told them Jenny's story, not forgetting the two men who tried to give her a ride. She told them what Jenny believed about how they felt about her.

"But, Mrs. Frailey, it's not true—we never meant—"

Mrs. Huntingdon went to her husband and looked straight in his eyes. Involuntarily his arms went out to

her. She held him close in proud sweet surrender. "I'm afraid we did mean just to hurt each other, not thinking about her," she said honestly. "But if we didn't love each other we wouldn't care enough to want to hurt each other, would we?"

"Will you try again?" he asked humbly. "And let's make it up to Peggy?"

Old Lady Frailey turned delicately away from their kiss. Well, of course she would have to do without Jenny. But it was better for Jenny. And she'd keep her place looking nice, because surely Jenny would be coming back all the time to see her and Jack-dog.

As they rode toward the shack in the longest car she had ever seen, she prepared the Huntingdons for the presence of Billy Tarver. "I'll deal with *him*," promised Harmon Huntingdon grimly.

BUT there was no need for his powerful iron hand. They found Billy and Peggy happily absorbed in taking candid-camera shots of Jack-dog sleeping in the sun with a fly on his forehead.

"Billy promised he wouldn't run away," Peggy said, dimpling just a little as though shyly aware of why he wouldn't want to. "So I unlocked the back door."

"I was only kidding you, Ma," Billy told old Lady Frailey sheepishly. "I'd sock Pete in the jaw if he tried to print anything about Peggy." He gave her a look in which camaraderie and adoration were blended in nice proportion.

While Peggy's parents were trying to explain to her the ephemeral nature of quarrels and threats of divorce between people who really and truly love each other, darling—and Peggy with puckered forehead was gradually grasping the idea that they still loved her and each other—and Billy Tarver and Jack-dog were out back looking to see if the carrots were coming up yet, Old Lady Frailey got out the elegant blue pocketbook she had put away with Mrs. Harmon Huntingdon's cards inside. Reluctantly she replaced a ten-dollar bill and some coins in the change purse.

"Here's something of yours I found downtown the other day," she said abruptly to Mrs. Huntingdon, marching out with it. "That's how I found out you were Jenny's—I mean, Peggy's—mother."

"Oh—why, I thought that was gone for good!" Mrs. Huntingdon said in surprise, and added graciously, "Won't you keep it, as a remembrance? Harmon will want to give you something more substantial, but I'd like for you to have that too—"

"No, ma'am," Old Lady Frailey said firmly. "Thank you just the same. I used to be a great one for pocketbooks. But I've give up collectin' 'em now. I'm goin' in for gardenin'." She looked with satisfaction at the neat rows where the carrots and turnips would be. "It's more the kind of hobby Mike would like for me to have," she explained obscurely.

THE END

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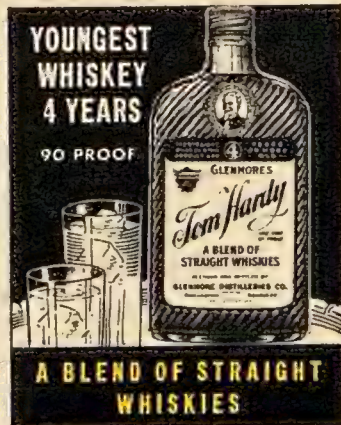
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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN
LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HARDIEST tenor I know is Lauritz Melchior, Metropolitan Opera star. In Wagner's Siegfried the fiery dragon always sprays hot steam on him, so that he finishes each performance covered with blisters as well as glory. Then, for vacation fun, he goes off to hunt 2,000-pound Kadiak bears in arctic Alaska. "My father ran a boys' school in Denmark," he told me, "and I used to get licked for all the devilment at which the other kids were not caught. Early in life I learned to sing to keep my spirits up."

Among stage folk the Melchiors are famous for their hospitality. He's an expert cook, an enthusiastic epicure. Claims that Danish *koldtbord*, with its profusion of spiced meats and game, merits as great popularity here as Sweden's fishier *smörgåsbord*. I think so, too, after my first taste of smoked lamb, an old-country specialty now being produced by some Chicago Danes.

As to music, Mr. Melchior wishes we had more small opera houses for our young singers. Radio won't fill the bill, he says, since it doesn't require vocal talent of operatic caliber. Above all, he believes song to be a natural expression of joy. "Was there ever a sweepstakes winner," he asked, "who didn't sing?" . . . Lauritz Melchior likes to whistle when he's happy, but, curiously enough, he never whistles operatic airs. His whistling favorite is "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do." . . . He has a passion for buying unnecessary bric-a-brac at auction sales. This used to be hard on Mrs. Melchior's temper when they were first married and far from prosperous.

★ Irene Kuhn, former news correspondent, now publicity lady for the Dewey campaign, tells me this true story about an adventurous American and his wife who saved every cent they made during seven long years in China, aiming to come

home and live at ease forever after. They reached their goal, returned here, and tried to enjoy their life of leisure, but quite soon they were desperately unhappy. Some months ago a bad investment wiped out all their savings. Now they're right back where they started, putting away every hard-earned penny for a dreamed-of future, and once more they are busily content. If this were a fiction tale my title for it would be Squirrel Blood. Some people are lucky to be like that, though they seldom know their luck.

★ The other day at a cocktail party I met a friend I hadn't seen for years: Anna Strunsky, internationally known social worker, widow of author William English Walling. Anna wore no hat. Mine was new, and a complete failure. I told Anna I felt mad at the whole world because of it. Rippling her gay youthful laugh, she said: "That's why I took

mine off. We can be as emancipated as we please—demand all kinds of equal rights; yet the minute any woman knows she has on an unbecoming hat—good-by to civilized feelings." And isn't that true?

★ The novelty value of this *Ambassador Salad*, for party luncheons or suppers, is that it combines piquant aspic with plenty of green stuff and a delicious cheese surprise. . . . Make an aspic with 2 tablespoons dissolved gelatin and 3 cups canned tomato juice well seasoned. When it begins to set, stir in ½ cup green peppers sliced tissue thin, and ½ cup whipped cream. Pour into ring mold and chill. Now cream ½ pound soft yellow cheese, together with 1 small onion, grated, 3 tablespoons ground ham, 1 tablespoon finely chopped dill pickle, 1 tablespoon minced green pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and paprika. Shape into walnut-size balls, and arrange them around the aspic jelly, unmolded on a bed of shredded lettuce. Serve accompanied by hot oven-crisped crackers sprinkled with paprika.

★ A girl I know dwells in a Dead End neighborhood—tough slums just around the corner from sedate respectability. One day, on her street, she picked up a dog owned by a gangster who had been shot the week before. The dog was muzzled, dying of thirst. She gave the dog to a prim old maid living lonesomely in the next block. They get on beautifully. Of course the spinster hasn't been told she's keeping a criminal's pet.

★ Your House in the Country is the name of a new book by Henry and Eugenia Mins. How to manage everything from garden to attic. Seasonable and sensible. (Published by Simon and Schuster.)

★ A London friend has sent me a newspaper clipping that shows, I think, one reason why the English are indomitable. Theirs is the blessed gift of being able to find temporary rest from their troubles by thinking up the oddest things to care about. At this time of strife, while the Empire fights a vital war by sea and land, serious talk is going on in England as to the number of Thursdays the month of February will have in the year 2000!



"George, we forgot the baby!"



OOMPH

Girl

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"The contract can go hang. If they want to sue me—let them."

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 45 SECONDS
PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

**Swiftly now a movieland Cinderella's
romance reaches a surprising climax**

WAKE up," said Terrence O'Toole. He took Gladys Holton by the shoulder and shook her vigorously. "Wake up, angel face," he said, "and tell me if the boy friend got here."

And Glad answered dully, "Yes, he got here. He got here, all right."

Terry surveyed her with puzzled eyes. He saw an oomph girl who had been deflated, who had been wiped clean of charm and—yes, even per-

sonality. "Well," he said finally, "if he got here, where is he? What did you do with him?"

"I didn't do anything with him," said Glad.

Terrence O'Toole told her, "You've been crying, haven't you?"

And Glad said, "It seems to me that I've done nothing but cry since I won the contest back at the home

office of the Blue Ribbon Plumbing Accessories."

"Don't say that name again!" yowled Terry. "I can't stand it." Then, in a calmer tone, he queried: "Did you and Bill have a fight?"

As Glad nodded dolefully, he said, "I met the guy, you know. He stopped by at G. P. L. and, as luck would have it, I nailed him before he



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spilled a lot of beans around the place. I told him where he could find you, Gladys—you've me to thank!"

"Yes," nodded Glad, "I've you—to thank."

"Bill's a nice-enough-looking guy," Terry went on. "Good shoulders and no waistline to speak of. Of course I don't go for blue serge suits myself, especially with dark neckties, and he was a little green around the gills—peaked is the word! Was he airsick coming out?"

Glad said suddenly, "Oh, shut up, Terry. Bill wasn't airsick coming out, but from the minute he got here he was sick of *me*."

"Sick of a girl that can make pie like you can? Not to mention your legs?"

"If anybody mentions legs to me again," Glad sputtered, "I'll start to throw things."

Then all at once she was crying—it surprised her a trifle to be crying; she'd thought she was cried out.

"There, there," said Terry, after a moment. He gently patted her quivering shoulders. "If the boy friend got nasty, your party dinner will fix him. When he comes back here, have everything smoking on the table, and after he's lapped up the mutton chop and the baked Idaho and—"

"Bill's not coming back," said Glad. "Terry, my life is over. Bill Blair is the only man I've ever loved—and he's stopped loving *me*."

"Well, I've never had much experience with that sort of thing," Terry told her. "I mean, I've never concentrated on one girl to the extent of feeling that it would have a permanent effect on my life. But, petsy-wetsy, I've seen a lot of moom pitchers and, according to pitchers, things don't happen that way. When men and women love each other, they don't stop loving each other with a bang. Something definite has to happen to change the line-up."

GLAD queried, "Don't you realize that something *has* happened? Don't you realize that from Bill's point of view the girl he asked to marry him is—*dead*?" Her sobs rose. "Oh, Terry, you and Philip Gale and the chief and G. P. L. Pictures have spoiled my life!"

"Come now, Glad," said Terry. He seated himself on the arm of Glad's chair in almost the exact position that Philip had occupied earlier. "You're a big girl now, and you must face facts. I'll grant you that this Blair's an old-fashioned guy and that he has preconceived ideas. . . . But it's up to you to change his ideas and to make him realize that you have a place in the sun, and that if you're just his wife and nothing else you'll be hiding your legs under a bushel. . . . No, it's a light you hide under a bushel, not legs—" He broke off and Glad said:

"Terry, my head's splitting. Go away."

Terry rose from his position on the arm of her chair and went away—but only as far as the kitchen. A

cakebox opened and closed in the distance.

"Do you mind," he called from off-stage, "if I cut a slab off this layer cake? If Bill's not coming back for supper, you won't need it. Anyway, he couldn't eat it and pie, too."

Without waiting for an answer he cut into the cake, and when he came back into the living room he was dripping chocolate. "Num-num!" he said and started to take another bite. Then he paused, struck by a sudden thought. "Does Bill know how much the chief's going to pay you?" he asked.

"Bill wouldn't be interested in anything like that," Glad told him. "Bill's interested in supporting me. He has dreams of being general manager of Blue Ribbon one of these days."

UGH!" shuddered Terry. "That's a nasty thought." He paused briefly and then he said, "Maybe I should call Philip Gale and the two of us should take you stepping. . . . A tour of the hot spots will make you forget Bill—probably."

"Forget Bill?" echoed Glad. Her hands had been lying idly in her lap, but now they were lifted to the familiar place above her heart—they were tense hands, so rigid that the fingers ached. After a moment she laid them carefully down on the arms of the chair.

"Terry," she said, "when I'm an old, old woman and Bill's been out of my life for fifty years, I'll still remember him. I'll remember the feel of his kisses on my lips—and on my soul." Her voice broke. "I'll always remember him and always—want him. I guess I'm just an Airedale. And that's that."

"It does sound pretty final," said Terry. Absently he laid the remnants of his chocolate cake on a table. "Listen here, Glad," he said. "I don't have to tell you that Gale's goofy about you."

"You don't have to tell me," said Gladys, "because Philip told me so himself."

"Gale makes a good substitute lover," Terry said abruptly. "There are about fifty million women in the United States who would swap their hopes of heaven to experiment with him along those lines. . . . If a girl were smart enough, Gale might even make a good substitute husband—you never can tell."

Glad said, "I've had a sample of the real thing, Terry—even though it didn't last. I don't go for substitutes."

Terry was peering at her, his quizical brows drawn together. He gave a worried exclamation and started to pace up and down the room.

"We've done so much bootlegging," he said, "since you've come here to Hollywood. We've bootlegged contracts and emotions and even beauty. It's been such a series of gags—and you've been the center of every gag. . . . Somehow I didn't think that Bill was as vital as you make out."

"That's because you don't think anything's vital," Glad told him. "You and Philip and Suzi—by the way, Bill offered to drive Suzi home—are like water bugs skipping over the surface of a pond. You don't realize that the pond is deep in places and that there are rocks on the bottom of it. . . . I've struck bottom and I've hit a couple of rocks—and all to make a Hollywood holiday." She sighed. "Well, I'm an oomph girl now—and I suppose I'll be an oomph girl until somebody with better legs comes along—and then I'll be in the ash can."

Terry said, repeating himself, "I didn't think Bill was as vital as you make out." His voice grew desperate. "I'll fix things for you, baby," he said. "Did he tell you when he's starting home, back to the basins and the bathtubs and the—" he broke off.

Glad said, "Bill told me that he was going back to his hotel—and he didn't mention what hotel. And then he said he was going to spend the evening with a couple of clients—and then he said"—the gush of her tears rivaled the fountain that gurgled out in the patio—"that if he had a moment he'd call me in the morning before he left."

"I see," said Terry. All at once he was brightening; all at once he was reaching for the cake that lay upon the table.

"Well, when it's been necessary, I've done a lot of footwork in a space of hours," said Terry, "to say nothing of headwork, and what I've done before I can do again. . . . So long, Glad. Keep your chin up."

He was out of the door and whistling off in the direction of his car before Gladys could ask what he intended doing—in a space of hours.

It was close to dinnertime when Philip Gale reappeared at the new apartment. He was a Greek bearing gifts—gifts in square confectioner's boxes and gifts in oblong florist boxes and in ominously small velvet boxes. He found Glad in the place where Terry had left her—and in the same attitude. Her hands were still clenched on the arms of the chair and her eyes were still fixed on some vague horizon line.

"Honey," said Philip, entering without the formality of a knock, "I got worried about you—so here I am."

Glad said, "You and Bill and Suzi went off together. Who left who first?"

"I did," Philip told her. "But I took Suzi with me. Your Bill went on to his hotel. He didn't say two words all the time we were together. . . . Glad darling, I brought lots of presies—look!" He snapped open one of the velvet cases, and Glad said listlessly:

"They're pretty, Philip, but you'd better save them for somebody else. I have a string of pearl beads."

Philip Gale didn't mention that these pearl beads were a hundred per cent born of an oyster. He only snapped the case shut again.

"Well," he said, "I read my Emily Post. I have flowers and books and candy—maybe they'll be more acceptable."

Glad said, "You're sweet, Philip."

"I happen to love you," said Philip Gale, "more than I've ever loved anybody else. We're going to make a picture together, you and I, and it's going to establish you in the public mind. Your legs will carry you a long way, Glad—and I don't mean by walking, either. Incidentally, I met the chief this afternoon and he told me that your dancing lessons start tomorrow."

He hesitated. "Yes, Builders of America is going to establish you in the public mind, but I've already established you in my heart. I'm sorry you've had a jolt, but, if you ask me, it was for the best. Your friend Bill acted like a spoiled kid—he deserves a kick in the pants."

"He's had it," Glad told him. "Oh, Philip, don't you realize that he thought I was coming back to him in a couple of weeks, just exactly as I went away? He thought he was going to meet me at the train wearing the same suit and hat that I wore when I left for Hollywood. And he thought we were going on right from where we left off."

"Nobody goes on right from where they left off," said Philip Gale. All at once he was on Glad's side of the room. All at once his two hands were over her hands upon the arms of the chair. "Glad," he said, "I know when

1 Sid brought down the house with his sword-swallowing trick at our club show. So as chairman of the entertainment committee, I volunteered the drinks. "Okay," says Sid, "but be sure mine's made with TEN HIGH!"



2 "How come?" I ask him. And Sid says, "Sword swallowing is one thing, but when it comes to drinking I'll take the whiskey with No Rough Edges!" He wasn't kidding either! That TEN HIGH went down mighty easy, and its rich flavor sure Doubled My Enjoyment of a swell evening!



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I'm licked, and I'm licked now. Oh, don't fool yourself that I think the licking is a permanent thing—I'll come out on top! But right now I'm willing to call it a day. There's only this—what can I do to help you?"

Glad didn't jerk her hands from under the hands of America's greatest heartthrob. Instead—and why, she didn't know—she turned them palms upward beneath his. For a moment her fingers gripped strong tanned wrists and she could feel a pulse hammering heavily in each one of them.

"There's only this you can do," she said. "You can check up on Terry. He went out of here all set to change Bill's mind. Follow him, Philip, and see that he doesn't make a bad matter worse. Fix it, if you can, so that Bill won't go home hating me. I'll admit that Bill has stopped loving me and there's nothing I can do about it, but it would be the end of everything if I thought he *hated* me. Go after Terry and keep him from pulling any more tricks. Please, Philip."

"You're the doctor," said Philip Gale. He leaned over and kissed Glad gently on the forehead. "I love you," he said, "and sooner or later you and I—" He left the sentence unfinished and withdrew his hands from Glad's hands. "Bill Blair won't go home hating you," he told Gladys. "It's a promise! In the meantime I'm going to send Mamie Flynn out here to put you back in the hit-and-run column." He leaned forward and kissed her

once more—on the woefully pink tip of her nose this time—and then he was gone as rapidly as Terry had gone.

It was with Mamie Flynn that Glad ate the company dinner. Dressed in an oomph-girl negligee and with satin mules on her slim feet, the lashes that had been cried loose firmly back in their place, the ringlets again piled high on her head, she broiled the chops and mixed the salad and baked the potatoes. And then she and Mamie sat opposite each other and worried down the repast. At least Glad worried down her share; Mamie Flynn frankly gobbled.

When they reached the apple-pie stage, Mamie Flynn spoke her mind. "I'm sorry for Bill Blair," she said, "darned if I ain't. . . . *What pie!*"

For the hundredth time since Mamie's arrival, Glad asked a question. "What do you think Terry's up to? And will Philip Gale be able to hold him down?"

"Philip ain't what I'd call a holder-downer," Mamie said thoughtfully. "There was the time when him and Terry palmed off Apple Mary as the Dowager Duchess des Pommies at a reception and fooled them as had been buyin' apples off'n her for twenty years. I—"

The telephone rang sharply, and Glad, with an exclamation, leaped to her feet. She was halfway to the phone when Mamie pushed her aside.

"Oomph girls don't answer phones for themselves," she said. "At least, not in Hollywood." She snatched the receiver from its hook and spoke hoarsely. "Yeah," she said. "Yeah. . . . Wait a minute, Terry. She'll want to speak to you."

Glad was reaching for the telephone. "Oh, let me have it!" she cried; but Mamie—with a grunt—was replacing the receiver. "Terry hung up," said Mamie, "but he said I was to give you a message. He said him and Bill were together and you wasn't to fret."

Glad's hand, shaking nervously, was pressed upon her forehead. "He said I wasn't to fret!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Mamie!"

It was an hour later—and they were in the patio—when the telephone rang for the second time. Despite Mamie's warning that it might be a reporter, it was Glad who went running to answer its insistent summons.

"Oh," she said into the mouthpiece, "this is Glad. Oh, Terry, is it *you*?"

But it wasn't Terry this time—it was a woman. "Mees 'Olton," said a smoky voice, "thees ees Suzi. I 'ave called to tell you that I bear no malice"—she hiccupped lustily—"and that from now on you and I are the great pals. *Hein?*"

Before Gladys could make reply the phone went dead.

THE third call came around nine o'clock. By that time Gladys and Mamie Flynn were playing rummy at a tenth of a cent a point. In the interim between Suzi's cryptic message and the third phone call, there had been a bottle of champagne with Terry's card and a basket of gardenias from Philip. When the phone rang for the third time it was Philip's voice that sounded over the wire.

"I love you, Gladys, but exceedingly," he said, "and I've just proved my love. . . . No, darling, don't worry—I'm talking from a booth."

Glad sobbed, "Philip! First Terry called me and then Suzi, and now it's you. What's going on? Tell me—"

Philip interrupted. "Tell you *nothing!*" he said. "Only this—I'm with Terry and Terry's with Bill and Bill's with little Suzi and—"

Glad almost screamed. "Where are you, and what are you doing?"

But Philip Gale said, "I'm proving my love. I always detested orchid as a color, but it's for your sake!" He hung up.

When the phone rang at ten o'clock it was Terry again. "I have the situation well in hand, Gladys," said Terry, struggling with the word situation. "We've seen Bill's customers and we've done extremely"—extremely was almost as hard to manage as situation—"extremely well. Bill likes Hollywood."

"Let me speak to him," begged Gladys. "Oh, please put him on the phone, Terry!"

"No," Terry told her, "the time isn't ripe yet. In fact, nothing's ripe, except Suzi." He chuckled and once more a wire went dead and Mamie



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called, "Don't let it bother you, dearie. Come back to the rummy game. I'm five thousand points up."

They played rummy from ten o'clock straight through until three. There was only one interruption between ten and three and it wasn't the telephone. It was a messenger boy carrying a cage in which were huddled two badly frightened and unamorous lovebirds. There was a card attached to the cage, but there was nothing written on the card save Glad's name and "So what?"

Glad, perforce, carried the birds into her living room and put water into their empty cup. It was Mamie who threw a shielding dark table cover over the cage. "It's time them chickies had some privacy," she said, "and it's time we were going to bed. I've a feeling there won't be no more phone calls, Gladys."

Glad said, "I'm not sleepy," but her face was a white mask, and Mamie said, "You've got a big day ahead of you tomorrow, dearie. There's a fittin' and another screen test and a dancin' lesson. And then, like as not, you'll have to see your boy friend off on his plane and kiss him good-by."

"I'll never see Bill again," said Gladys. "I can feel it in my bones."

IN spite of her assertion that she wasn't sleepy, Gladys went to sleep—almost as soon as her head touched the pillow. It wasn't that her worry had simmered down; it was only that she'd reached saturation point. She

slept until the telephone bell rang at seven. And then suddenly she was widely, gaspingly awake. On bare feet she pattered across the bedroom floor to the living room and snatched up the receiver.

"Oh," she cried into the phone—"oh, who is it?"

She was answered with a yawn. It was a colossal yawn which ran up the scale from do to do—and down again. When it was finished Terry's voice spoke.

"I put in a night," said Terry, "and all for you, Gladys! Philip will never be the same again, and Suzi's out cold. It's only as a tribute to my youth and clean living that I'm able to stand up."

Glad told him, "Terry, what does it matter whether or not you can stand up? Where's Bill?"

"Bill," he said, "is back at his hotel and rarin' to go." He named the hotel. "Incidentally, Glad, I've fixed *everything*. You're right where you started—from a romantic point of view!" He yawned again. "Bill's willing to take you back—in fact, he's expecting you for breakfast in half an hour." He disconnected abruptly, and Glad turned, to find Mamie Flynn—fully clothed—listening avidly.

"What's up?" asked Mamie, and Glad—throwing herself into the arms that were waiting to receive her—sobbed, "Terry says that he's fixed everything—that Bill's going to take me back."

"Back where?" asked Mamie.

Glad told her, "Back home, of course. I'm to have breakfast with him at his hotel, Mamie, and then we'll catch the plane and he'll take me home."

"What about your contract with G. P. L.?" asked Mamie.

And Glad told her, "The contract can go hang. If they want to sue me—let them. I haven't any money, and as long as they don't sue Bill, and as long as he *takes me back*—" She was out of Mamie's arms now and was dressing.

At the moment of parting Mamie flung her arms around Glad's neck and gulped, "Phone me when you know what plane you're taking, and I'll have your bags sent down to the airport. And if the chief wants to raise the dickens with anybody, refer him to me. Movies or no movies, folks have a right to happiness in this life."

ALL the way down to the hotel in a taxi Glad wondered how Bill would greet her. Would he say, "My dearest," simply, and take her into his arms? Would he say, "I made a mistake and I'm sorry. You're still *you*"? Would he suggest, "Let's get married here in Hollywood and go back East on our honeymoon"?

And then she was at Bill's hotel and a clerk in a linen suit was directing her to a patio.

And then she was crossing a strip of lawn and entering a flagged courtyard and—

Bill was seated at a table—a soli-

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tary table. He was drinking black coffee, sip by sip, and he hadn't shaved and his collar was rumpled, and when he rose to greet her Glad knew instinctively that the simple act required considerable effort and concentration.

He said, "Hello, darling. Terry said you'd be along presently. Sit down and have some breakfast." And then he laughed and toppled back into his chair and said, "Here I am in Hollywood—Bill Blair—engaged to G. P. L.'s newest oomph girl! *What do you know about that!*"

Glad gasped, "Bill!" She seated herself opposite him at the little table and stretched out a hand, and when her words came they were a geyser spouting upward. "Bill," she said, "I'm so relieved that you're not mad at me any more. I'm so relieved that you don't feel the way you did—yesterday."

Bill said, "I sure feel different!" and turned faintly ultramarine and reached hastily for his coffee cup.

Glad asked, "Why don't you have some bacon and eggs and toast—and then take a nap?"

But Bill said, "Don't be provincial, Gladys. Remember that this is Hollywood and that you're a coming star and that there isn't time for a nap."

Incidentally, we're going to fly down to Yuma—that's in Arizona, isn't it?—and get married right away and fly back. And then we'll go shopping for a house—that apartment I saw you in yesterday was a little

dinky." His voice became thoughtful. "A house with a swimming pool," he said, "like Philip Gale's. And we'll need a car at once."

"Bill, have you gone goofy? You can't live here, and no more can I! I'm not a coming star. And I loathe swimming pools! I'm a typical American secretary and you're a salesman for the Blue Ribbon Plumbing Accessories Company—"

"A super-salesman," corrected Bill. "Last night I broke every known record—I sold ten bathrooms complete, with wall fixtures. A butter yellow for Suzi and a Nile green for Terry, and an orchid one for Phil. We call each other Phil and Bill!" he added proudly. "When they took me to the chief's house and told him I was engaged to you, he bought six bathrooms in one wallop, and he said I could use my judgment about color." He paused, and—"I even sold one to a barkeep somewhere," he said. "I've got his name and address on an order blank, but I can't remember it off-hand. . . . Glad darling, when I saw those pictures of your legs in the paper, I was as sore as a boil; but since Terry and Phil and Suzi set me right on a few facts, I've been bursting with pride. I'm willing to admit that I didn't understand the situation at first, but—"

"Do you understand it now?" queried Gladys. Her voice was a hollow shell.

"You bet I do," nodded Bill. "Baby, when I wire back those orders, the

president of Blue Ribbon is apt to make me West Coast manager. Now that you're an oomph girl I'm going to cash in on the oomph publicity with oomph plumbing accessories. I'll be as big as you are, in my own line."

Glad said desperately, "But, Bill, I'm not an oomph girl. The oomph is only veneered on." All at once she was talking very fast. "I'm all set to tear up my contract. When Terry told me that you were going to take me back—I thought he meant *back home*. Home—where I can wear an organdy apron and cook my own—"

"That's another thing," interrupted Bill. "Cooking dinner, Gladys, is all right for a stunt, like yesterday, but we must get a regular cook—maybe a Chinese boy, although Suzi thinks a French chef can show them all a few tricks. Suzi's a cute trick herself," added Bill. "She said she'd fly down to Yuma with us and be a bridesmaid. She said it was one of the seven best ways to keep tabs on me."

"SEE," said Glad slowly. "And Philip Gale—is he going to fly down too, and be your best man?"

"No. Terry O'Toole will be my best man," said Bill. "Philip isn't coming to our wedding. He said he'd rather wait here until nature had taken its course. He said to tell you he was good—at waiting. Glad, that guy talks in circles sometimes. . . . By the by, darling, I've just remembered. Do you know I haven't kissed you—not since we said good-bye on the station platform back home, in front of the whole gang from Blue Ribbon? Well, I'm going to make up for lost time. I'm going to kiss you this instant!"

"Oh, no, you're not," said Glad sharply. "You're full of whiskers." She looked with distaste at Bill—unshaved, disheveled, ultra-ambitious. And then suddenly—almost against her own volition and common sense—the distaste faded and the old warm light took its place. As she had told Terry, she was an Airedale—and Bill was her man. Transformed from a junior salesman to a high-powered getter, he was less appealing, certainly, than he had been—but *he was still her man*. She'd love him always—at least it looked that way. Even though Suzi was going to be her bridesmaid, even though she was going to fly to Yuma and fly back again to a house with a swimming pool and, so far as she was concerned, no kitchen. Even though Terry would be thinking up eternal publicity gags for her, even though—before long—her legs would have become a fetish instead of a means of locomotion. Even though Philip Gale would be waiting—waiting patiently in the background—for nature to take its course.

Gladys, glimpsing a barren future—filled with fame and oomph and all that went with fame and oomph—choked back a sob and leaned across the table. "All right, Bill," she said gallantly, "you may kiss me. I don't mind being scratched!"

THE END

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LIBERTY,

40 ANSWERS by ELIZABETH HAWES

to her questions on page 32

- 1—The parka.
- 2—Irene Castle.
- 3—A scarf draped about a woman's shoulders and tied in a knot at the breast.
- 4—Percy Bysshe Shelley.
- 5—It is a British trade name for silk and cotton fabrics.
- 6—Character in Dickens' Barnaby Rudge; to a style of dress popular after publication of the novel.
- 7—Lucius Beebe.
- 8—Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 1.
- 9—Cowboys.
- 10—Gypsy Rose Lee; Eve.
- 11—(a) "old gray bonnet"; (b) "beautiful clothes"; (c) "little Alice-blue gown"; (d) "your overcoat."
- 12—At least six. Collar has at least four thicknesses; tie at least two.
- 13—Feathers, corset bones, ermine, shoe and bag leather.
- 14—Strip poker.
- 15—A stiff article of sixteenth-century woman's dress worn over the breast and reaching below the waist.
- 16—Greece, China, and Scotland.
- 17—Cleopatra obtained an audience with Caesar by wrapping herself in a rug.
- 18—Molyneux; Mainbocher.
- 19—Wool remanufactured from waste or discarded woolsens.
- 20—Fred Astaire; Al Smith; Anthony Eden.
- 21—Mainbocher.
- 22—The World War.
- 23—Bloomers, from Mrs. Amelia Jenks Bloomer.
- 24—Either wool or fur.
- 25—Beau Brummell, who was George Bryan Brummell.
- 26—Isadora Duncan. Her long scarf entangled in the wheel of a car and strangled her.
- 27—Cinderella's slipper.
- 28—Hamlet, by Ophelia: Act 3, Scene 1.
- 29—The first is a section of the Metropolitan Opera House; the second is a diamond of great size owned by the British Crown.
- 30—Achilles.
- 31—Rachel gave her name to a shade of face powder; Madame Pompadour gave her name to a style of hairdress; Jean Watteau gave his name to a style of dress.
- 32—International Ladies' Garment Workers Union.
- 33—A process of treating fabrics and yarns with glue, gelatin, gum, clay to give them strength and stiffness.
- 34—Marlene Dietrich.
- 35—Edna St. Vincent Millay, in a sonnet, Euclid Alone Has Looked on Beauty Bare.
- 36—Gladstone.
- 37—Coney fur and Coney Island.
- 38—Chesterfield, Raglan, Prince Albert, and Balmacaan.
- 39—Clocked stockings.
- 40—A rabbit.

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CROSSWORDS

By LEE PASQUIN

HORIZONTAL

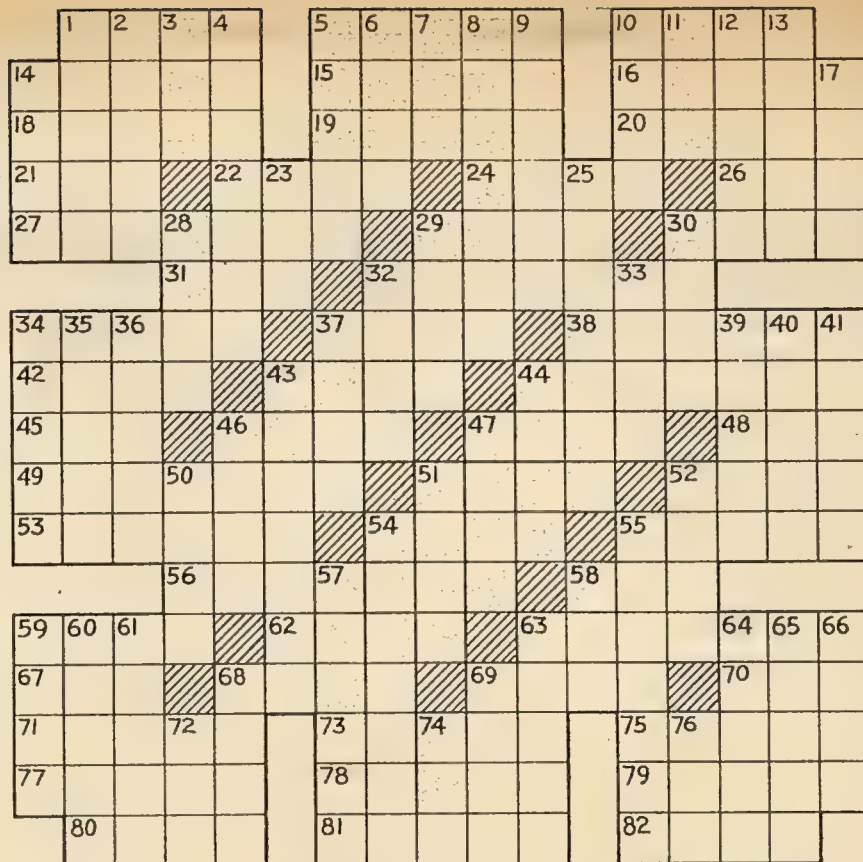
- 1 Sour
5 Student in a military academy
10 Masculine
14 Aromatic herb or vegetable
15 The poplar
16 Nimble
18 Caverns
19 Popular report
20 Satan
21 Playing card
22 Newspaper paragraph
24 Large volume
26 Greek letter
27 Retreated
29 Sagacious
30 Paradise
31 Color

- 32 Made merry
34 King of Judea
37 Female horse
38 Kind of monkey (pl.)
42 Bovine quadrupeds
43 Parasites
44 Enliven
45 Pinch off the end
46 Wan
47 Smile
48 Toy
49 Raise
51 Something granted for temporary use
52 Fish
53 Greek goddess
54 Feels ill
55 Ruminant quadruped
56 Drew from an original source
58 Battle
59 River in Arizona
62 Word of ratification
63 Following exact words
67 Part of to be
68 Winged
69 Location
70 Woman's name

- 71 Unweave
73 Paces
75 Clerical collar
77 Precipitous
78 Kind of bird
79 Disgorge
80 Sins
81 Oozes
82 Stupid person

VERTICAL

- 1 Quickly
2 Musky perfume
3 Frosting
4 Wanted
5 Was concerned about
6 Chemical compound
7 Female parent
8 Producing emotion
9 Muscular
10 Constructed
11 Era
12 Existed
13 Socially elect
14 Blemish
17 Dash
23 Scatter
25 Body pigment
28 Metal
29 Apprehension
30 Kind of cheese
32 Contest
33 Ireland



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OSTRAPALONE
PHUT SOLAR KISS
IAGOS ATLAS S
TRESPASS BALTIC
CR SENT AERO MA
HID EGGLELLA APR
EDIT LYDIA SNAE
RAVINE ABIGAILS
NEEDS MISSILES

Last week's answer

- 34 Sharpens
35 Banishment
36 Turn back
37 Unit of measure
39 European seaport
40 Make amends
41 Part of a flower
43 Of the side
44 Macaw (pl.)
46 Glass square
47 Precious metal
50 Sacred Hindu literature
51 Legal claim
52 Kind of vetch
54 Approximate
55 Supplied food
57 Likenesses
58 Humor
59 Garfishes
60 Angry
61 Mechanical device
63 Tilts
64 Revolt
65 Interjection (naut.)
66 A Latvian
68 Mountains
69 Pace
72 Ever
74 Anger
76 Past

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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I STILL

Object

TO DR. RUSSELL

BY JEAN KAY

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

UNTIL I read Bertrand Russell's defense of himself in *Liberty* I did not realize he was such a nice lovable old character. How touchingly he spoke of the loving-kindness he expected from good Christians—the bigots—and didn't get!

He does not preach adultery, he says. Isn't that sweet of him! Maybe he is about to retire to a monastery, or perhaps he merely advocated adultery in his youth, and then only to aid the sale of his books.

How changed the man is! I cannot understand it—that the man who wrote the four Bertrand Russell books should be the same man who wrote that lovely piece about himself in *Liberty*. But then, it might be he remembered that *Liberty* is a family magazine.

Or have I been such a dumbbell that I misunderstood Dr. Russell's books? If so, my only excuse is that better brains than mine made the same mistake. Maybe Earl Russell is right in believing all Americans are boobs, but I honestly did think he was for adultery, and in no manner against it.

Surely he forgives the sin with all his heart. He condones it almost with huzzas. And he much prefers it to the awful sin of jealousy. Not that he says so in so many words, but his meaning is clear enough. Listen:

"He is torn in one direction by love, she in the opposite direction by jealousy. Each, under the influence of passion, is likely to behave in an undesirable way. But traditional morality takes the view that, while his passion is wholly to be condemned, hers, provided it stops short of crime, is to be regarded as righteous."

Traditional morality does nothing of the sort. It condemns both passions, but it recognizes that the woman's jealousy is occasioned by the man's infidelity. It realizes she is not altogether responsible for her sin. It does not regard that sin as "righteous." It does blame the man for committing one sin and causing another.

But then, Dr. Russell is above traditional morality. He is also above the law of God which says, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Reread that sentence of his in *Liberty* about the man who cannot divorce his wife on the grounds of her insanity. "The law ought to grant divorce for this cause, but if it does not, humane peo-

The other side! A militant lady tells why she sued to block a much-discussed appointment

ple do not blame the person who takes, seriously and with a sense of responsibility, the liberty which the law ought to allow him or her."

Incidentally, the British earl is above American law in some things. He agrees with the legislatures who make laws dissolving marriage, and disagrees with "the traditional view, that marriage is a sacrament which

him. I do not object to the teaching of sex in the public schools, but I do want to make sure that the professor who teaches it is the right kind of person to teach it. And I do not believe, in spite of Dr. Russell's ingenious defense in *Liberty*, that he is a fit man to teach any girl or boy.

"I didn't want the minds of my children contaminated," says Mrs. Kay, shown with her daughter Gloria (below).



I am not alone in this opinion. I am one of a multitude of American mothers and fathers, the bigots and persecutors to whom he refers. I happened to have read some of his books when I learned through the newspapers that the Board of

Higher Education of the City of New York had appointed him professor of philosophy in City College.

There is an impression, I know, that he was appointed to the chair of mathematics, but he was not. He was appointed professor of philosophy.

I agreed with Bishop Manning when he denounced the appointment. He said Russell was unfit to teach philosophy to young students. He declared Russell was a defender of adultery.

A few days after Bishop Manning

can be terminated only by death." This "traditional view," it appears, "is not now that taken by the . . . majority of civilized countries."

He is against the law making adultery a crime. He is against it because it cannot be enforced. It is a bad law, a capricious law. The fact that it is also a divine law is not mentioned by Dr. Russell.

There was no attempt on my part to persecute Bertrand Russell, nor to punish him for any sins he may have committed. I have no bias against

expressed these views I went to see former Magistrate Joseph Goldstein and asked what could be done. My only reason was the moral health of my two children. They might some day come under this man's influence. I did not want their minds contaminated. I would have fought as bitterly to save them from Russell as to protect them from fire or flood or bullets.

Judge Goldstein advised me to bring the matter to the attention of the Supreme Court of the State of New York.

At the trial, before Justice John E. McGeehan, Goldstein contended that Russell was not only an immoral person and a teacher of immoral doctrines but was also an alien and a virtual enemy of the United States inasmuch as he believed the Soviet government was preferable to the American government, and that he had slandered American institutions and American soldiers.

On March 30 Justice McGeehan declared the appointment of Russell illegal—first, because he was not a citizen of the United States and therefore he was barred from teaching in a college supported by the taxes of American citizens; second, because he had taken no competitive examination, as the law requires; and third, because he was unfit to teach.

Justice McGeehan, in commenting on Russell's writings, seemed to understand them in the same way Bishop

Manning and Judge Goldstein and I understood them. He directed that the board immediately discharge the teacher of philosophy.

But Russell has forgiven himself and placed himself in the rank of the great teachers. In *Liberty* he says: "I lay no claim to virtue in action, but I do believe that my conception of what constitutes virtue is nearer to that of the great teachers than is the conception of persecuting bigots."

I am not a persecuting bigot, as Dr. Russell labels his critics, but I would like to have my children taught philosophy—especially the philosophy of sex—by a decent American.

And now, I understand, Dr. Russell intends to bring his case to the United States Supreme Court. If he does, I intend to fight him all the way. I have neither the money nor the strength for a great legal battle. But the battle will go on.

Fighting Dr. Russell was a costly business. But it was worth it. And it is odd that it should be he who first cried "persecuting bigots." The persecution that has come my way has all but unnerved me. For days and days my telephone rang. The front doorbell rang. Neighbors, friends, newspapermen, photographers, busybodies, insisted on seeing me, on asking me questions. Some of them were rude and indignant. The mailman brought bundles and bundles of letters. Messenger boys brought sheafs of telegrams.

While most of the letters were warm and friendly and congratulatory—one even referring to me as a modern Joan of Arc—and while most of my visitors were understanding and kind, I was nevertheless drenched with abuse, vilification, obscenity, and threats.

My critics now speak of me as a prude, a narrow-minded puritan. I am more than ever convinced that morality and decency are still worth fighting for.

I deny that Dr. Russell is not preaching adultery now. I know that unclean minds are still quoting from his books. I am certain that a person with his knowledge and learning could write in a manner that would be beneficial to mankind.

I know that what I have done is typical of what any respectable American mother would have done. I am grateful that I have achieved my purpose and that a greater sense of morality has been established in the thought of the American people.

And it may or may not be significant that the letters congratulating me on Russell's dismissal were written by mothers and fathers, educators, judges, congressmen, members of fraternal organizations and of a number of American Legion Posts. These letters came from Catholics, Protestants, and Jews—from men and women who believe in God and not in Bertrand Russell.

THE END

Meet Romance halfway...

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TO HELP GUARD AGAINST DRY, OLD-LOOKING SKIN,
USE THIS LOVELY SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!

WELL, JIM FRANKLY SAYS THAT HE FIRST FELL IN LOVE WITH ME BECAUSE OF MY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"—SO WOULDN'T I BE FOOLISH TO USE ANY SOAP EXCEPT PALMOLIVE?

YES—BUT DO YOU REALLY THINK PALMOLIVE MIGHT HELP A SKIN THAT'S AS DRY AND LIFELESS AS MINE?

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I CERTAINLY DO! YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

PALMOLIVE

MADE WITH Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH

IN these turbulent days of conflicting ideologies and changing social conditions it is considered undemocratic for any one to make much money. A laborer who can earn more than ten thousand a year is regarded as an enemy of the people. Government experts work late into the night devising new punishments for any one who can sell his services or personality for more than a bare living wage.

Among the few small groups left in this land of liberty whose earnings are in the higher brackets, none is regarded with more righteous horror

stars drawn from a fixed labor fund, or is it the result of added value in the product—value which the stars themselves create?

To answer these questions we must first get at the root of the matter by trying to find out why stars are able to get the kind of money they do.

First, be it remembered, few actors get huge salaries. The average actor is lucky to average twenty weeks a year; so that his two hundred dollars weekly salary reduces itself to eighty dollars when figured on an annual basis. Bit players seldom earn more than two thousand a year and very few extras more than six hundred. Stars and featured players whose art



If the stars were paid less money, would technical labor receive more?

and indignation than that which is made up of Hollywood stars. These few favorites of fortune are popularly supposed to spend their days in swimming pools or on luxurious yachts and their nights at riotous parties where no one is sober and the chief entertainment consists of trying to break all Ten Commandments before morning. A few hours every week they are required to have a little harmless fun in front of a camera. For this they are paid sums which stagger the proletarian imagination and turn the whole Bureau of Internal Revenue into a pack of baying bloodhounds.

Even organized labor feels that an injustice is being done. Their leaders point out that carpenters and electricians make the picture just as much as the stars do. Therefore, in spite of the fact that their wage scales are among the highest in the country, they demand that less be paid to creative labor so that technical labor may be paid more.

But *would* there be more for carpenters and electricians if the stars were paid less? Is the money paid to

and personalities have caught the public fancy, and whose presence in a picture gives it added selling value, are the fortunate few who reap the golden grain. And then what happens?

A candid reply from one who knows—Here are the facts behind the figures

Suppose a star has reached the peak and can get \$150,000 for his services in a picture. If he makes two pictures a year the federal government charges him \$164,000 for being so snooty, to which the State of California adds a moderate tax of \$36,000 for the use of its valuable climate. The net result is that each year the star is allowed to work four months for himself, on condition that he works eight months free of charge for the people.

But even that third of his wages which the star may finally call his own is apt to be a larger sum than the average business man can earn, and this fact causes a certain Reddish restlessness among those 100-per-cent Americans who take the eight-fifteen train to work. "No one can earn that much honestly," they say.

Why not, if he can produce that much value?

In the realm of artistic creation values cannot be figured in terms of man power and hours of work. Many

BY

WILLIAM C. deMILLE



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AT ALL BARS, DRUG AND CIGAR STORES

dramatists have worked as long and as hard as Shakespeare without getting equally valuable results. Art is not just a matter of labor. One man's work is not worth as much as another's, and in the field of acting the value of an actor's work depends to some extent upon that mysterious power of attracting which our sedate fathers called "personal magnetism" and which has since become known as "sex appeal," "it," and now "oomph." This delightful human lure is as hard to describe as the smell of violets; but that it actually exists no showman can deny, or that it is as easily salable as pure gold. It is also rare enough to command an extremely high price.

Organized labor's favorite argument, that high prices paid to the chosen few who have this rare quality result in less money for the rank and file, is not borne out by a study of production-cost sheets.

LET us take for example two pictures, each typical of its class. In one the four principal actors were paid \$160,000, an average of \$40,000 each; in the other, the four principal actors were paid \$12,000, an average of \$3,000 each. The total direct cost of the first picture was approximately \$1,200,000; that of the second was \$150,000.

Let us now eliminate from both pictures everything except labor costs—and compare only the sums paid to high-priced creative labor such as writing, direction, and acting, to the sums paid to technical and manual labor, including scenery, lighting, photography, sound recording, make-up, wardrobe, and the rest of a studio's sixty departments.

When we analyze the expenditures from this point of view, we find that the larger picture paid \$413,900 to creative labor and \$413,800 to technical labor. The smaller picture paid \$44,300 to creative labor and \$39,750 to technical labor. In other words, the use of four "overpaid" stars created work for three times as many laborers as the "economical" picture, and kept them employed more than three times as long. This does not seem to indicate that organized labor lost any of the cash which the stars won. It does suggest that, without star value to count on, producers must hold other labor costs to a minimum.

Building a motion picture differs from building a house in that the most important materials used in pictures are intangibles: story value, directorial genius, acting ability, and personal attraction. Even these are variable, for the same actor may be twice as effective in one part as in another; the same director may handle one type of production superbly, while failing to get the best out of another. All of which simply means that while the cost of a picture is a very definite thing, its value when completed is most uncertain. Its structure and its material cannot be scientifically counted upon to bear the

stresses and strains of public reaction.

When a building company plans to invest a million dollars in a house, it carries insurance from the day it first begins to spend money. But when a picture company plans to invest a million dollars in a production, the problem of insurance is more difficult. No insurance company will write it a policy against loss, because, unlike the strength and value of a building which may be accurately figured from its plans and specifications, the strength and value of a completed picture can be only guessed at or prayed for. Forces which may destroy a building are positive: earthquake, flood, fire. That which usually destroys a picture is the unpredictable and negative force called "lack of appeal," rather than the more positive but less damaging force of public disapproval.

The only way a motion picture can be insured against ultimate loss is by building into it as many as possible of those materials which have proved themselves to be strong against the destructive effect of public indifference. These are, chiefly: stories which have already been approved by large groups of people, by writers who have been successful in pleasing the public; directors whose work in the past is a guaranty that story and actor values will be used to best advantage; and actors who have proved beyond doubt that they have acquired a personal following large enough to make a distinct addition to the picture's drawing power.

Only a few individuals have succeeded in reaching the point where they may be considered good insurance. Is it any wonder that they find themselves in a position to command big fees?

THE importance of insurance elements in costly productions is not contradicted by the fact that an occasional "small picture" happens to tell an unusually good story or brings to light a new actor having personality and ability of high caliber. Such a picture leaps at once into success far beyond the expectation of its investment cost. But these cases are rare. When they do occur, those concerned have taken the first step toward being picture insurance. It means that new stars are rising in the heaven of Hollywood.

Insurance value. That is the secret of the stars; a magic quality conferred upon them by the public, and the one and only reason for their selling price. But they can seldom keep this fairy wand for long. The people who gave it to them are all too quick to snatch it away again. Every director finds among the ranks of his extra people dozens of old actors and actresses who once drew the immense salaries which their momentary success justified. Now they are working for less wages than the carpenters and electricians who create backgrounds for their tired, disillusioned faces.

THE END



BY EDWARD DOHERTY

A vivid close-up of the gallantly hidden terror that awaited Hitler's blitzkrieg

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE German seizure of Denmark and Norway was no surprise to the people of the Scandinavian countries, nor to the American newspaper correspondents assigned there. As early as last January there had been a definite feeling in Denmark and Norway and Sweden that the Nazis would begin their invasion as soon as the weather permitted.

This was the first thing I learned when I landed in the airport of Copenhagen. Ralph Forte, one of the star reporters of the United Press, had flown with me from London. He was met by Ed Beattie, another star.

"Well," Ralph said, "tomorrow I begin to learn Danish."

"Don't bother," Beattie answered. "Brush up on your German. You know, Hitler doesn't allow the Poles to speak Polish any more."

"You mean he's going to take Denmark?"

"Sure he is. Everybody knows that. And he'll do it without any trouble at all."

Copenhagen, if it did know that, didn't seem to me to be concerned. All the people I saw in the streets looked carefree and gay. Those in the restaurant where we dined sat relaxed, talked vivaciously, and listened in rapture—or appeared to—to the music of the orchestra.

But I was soon disillusioned. A man at a near-by table looked up, saw

Beattie, and came over to us. He was a Danish newspaperman.

"Do you realize you are surrounded by German spies?" he asked, grinning at us. Beattie nodded, and then indicated the tables on either side of ours. There were two men at each table. Odd-looking men.

"The country's full of them," the Dane said. "Waiting for *der Tag*. These must have spotted you at the airport and followed you here."

I watched them. Not one of the four so much as pretended to sip his coffee. They did not smoke; they did not talk to each other. They simply sat there and listened to everything we said.

"It doesn't seem possible," I blurted out, "that all these people can so thoroughly enjoy themselves if they really know what's going to happen!"

The Dane looked at me as though I were a child.

"Eat, drink, and be merry," he said; "for tomorrow, or the day after, or the day after that, or next week, or next spring, we'll be outside this restaurant looking in. And who'll be inside looking out? The Prussians. This is the gayest spot in Europe today. We call it the Paris of the North. It's gayer than Paris ever was. It has more pretty girls. It has more *bons vivants*. On with the dance! Be happy while you may."

I mentioned all this in Stockholm to the head of an important Swedish

business concern. We were sitting at a table in the grill of the Grand Hotel.

"There are spies all around us here, too," he observed. "They probably think you're an Englishman. Sweden is topheavy with spies of all kinds."

"Waiting for *der Tag*?"

"No. I am sure Hitler will not invade Sweden. It is probable he will take Denmark and Norway. But so long as we keep our army at home he will not bother with us. We'd fight if we had to. But only as a last resort. That's why we haven't dared send troops to Finland. We'd be left as defenseless as Denmark against the Nazis."

"It would be to Germany's advantage to seize all Scandinavia if she could. There are vast riches here, a tremendous storehouse of supplies of all kinds. Also, Germany could establish airplane and submarine bases at strategic points in Denmark and Norway."

"But," I said, "since everybody in this part of the world seems to know Germany's intentions, the Allies probably know too. And—"

"And they'll let Hitler go ahead," he said, "hoping to catch him out on a limb. If and when Hitler's army goes into action in Norway, the British and French will go into action too. Not until then. Believe me, the war will start with a bang in Scandinavia."

"But Sweden will not be involved?"

"No. Positively no. I don't mean that we could lick the Germans, or that they think we could. Yet we might manage to kill and wound a hundred thousand of them before we were put to rout. So, on the basis of that potential casualty list, we will not be invaded."

"Oh, of course we'll have to be good. We'll be allowed to stay neutral. We'll have to do as we're told by Hitler. But we'll be spared the horrors of war."

"The Swedes are of Teutonic origin, you know. We have many traits in common with the Germans. Normally they are our best friends, though of course we abominate their savage aggressions, their frightful ideals."

"Also, the prosperity of our people depends to a large extent on our trade with Germany—especially now, since the blockade was established. We cannot afford to antagonize her. Neither, God help us, can we afford to antagonize the Allies."

"Hitler must understand all these things. He must realize he doesn't have to invade Sweden. And yet he might do it anyway, being the sort of individual he is, were it not for our army."

"Norway will suffer. Nothing much will happen to Denmark except a change of government. The people will be taxed to the utmost, of course. Everything the Germans need they will take. But I don't believe you'll see the butchery that came in Poland

after the first blitzkrieg. The Danes will be considered German subjects, and men of military age will be impressed into the German army. Your newspaper friends were right. Denmark will offer no resistance. Therefore it will simply be absorbed, at least until the end of the war."

"Norway will be crushed into obedience, I am afraid. She will be robbed of everything. Her citizens will be purged. German laws will be rigidly enforced. Offenders will be shot without a trial. The British and French may chase the Germans out of Norway eventually. They'd better, for the sake of their own skins. But a lot of Norwegians will be killed just the same."

"And Sweden will not go to Norway's aid?"

"Impossible. We couldn't help her. We can't help anybody but ourselves. If we declared war on Germany, we'd declare a Swedish funeral. No; we shall simply redeclare our neutrality and sit tight, whatever happens."

Other English-speaking Swedes made similar predictions; but most of them were pessimistic about the fate of Sweden. And the people I saw looked worried, gloomy.

I met an American business man who had lived twenty years in Sweden. "The Scandinavians," he said, "are the finest people in the world. The most civilized. The most progressive. Don't ever let any one tell you they're a lot of ignorant boobs. I'll bet ten bucks that there

aren't a hundred school kids in any part of Scandinavia who don't know that trouble with a capital T is coming with the Heinies in the spring."

The Finns knew, too. I found that out in a discussion with a Finnish army lieutenant in Helsinki. He was defending the Swedes for not sending their army to help in the war against Russia. "They have to keep it at home," he said, "to receive visitors. So do the Norwegians. That's because the Germans as well as the Russians want Scandinavia."

I talked with only one Norwegian. He was the vice-consul in a little town in the north of Finland. "If the Germans are fools enough to invade Scandinavia," he said, "the Norwegians will fight as bravely and as fiercely as the Finns. And England and France will fight with them. It's impossible to expect the Allies to come to the aid of Finland. They can't transport troops there. But they'll have no difficulty in supplying all the men needed to drive the Germans out of Norway—and then out of Sweden and Denmark."

"But I can't believe the Germans stupid enough to make such a blunder. No, no. Germany may try to push through Belgium or Holland. She may try to drive through the Balkans. But she won't dare invade the North."

He thought that over for a minute.

"Unless, of course, she has an understanding with Russia," he exclaimed. "Then God help us all!"

THE END

HEADACHES on the GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE

600 ft. above the Hudson... "Scotty" Poole tends cable lights. "No place for a headache! I take Bromo-Seltzer," he says. "It eases pain, helps my nerves and my stomach, too."

JOHN "SCOTTY" POOLE
INSPECTOR OF BRIDGE LIGHTS

Bromo-Seltzer does more than simple pain relievers for ordinary headaches. Such headaches may be *nervous* or *digestive*. For these, Bromo-Seltzer does all this:

1. EASES PAIN—pleasantly and fast
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DOES MORE
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Good **STARTS** AT *Bad* **JOB**S

BY PROFESSOR
WALTER B. PITKIN



ILLUSTRATED BY
JAMES SCHUCKER

All my girl friends hoot
at the stove-factory job.

Plain talk on a dilemma of youth: Hard work now vs. careers to come

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

FOUR people are involved in the family problem you are about to consider.

Writes dad:

"I've been steering my boy toward civil engineering for the past five years. He's sold on it. So is every-

body who knows him. Unfortunately, we're poor and can't help him through college. So he must study as he goes. His mother and I will gladly make sacrifices to support him here at home while he studies. . . .

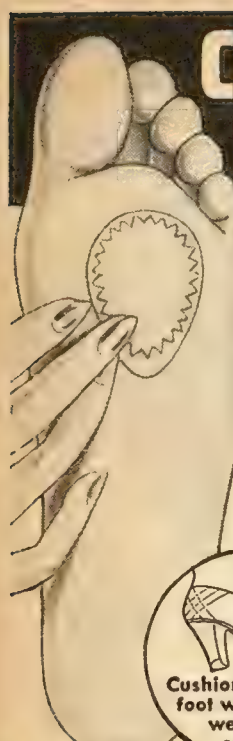
"The boy has just been offered a wretched, filthy job in a distant stove factory. He tells us he's writing you

for advice. Please, Mr. Pitkin, urge him to stick by his chosen career, at all costs."

Writes mama:

"I am sick from worry over our boy. He is tempted to forsake the career his father and I have sacrificed so much to get for him. We must make every penny count. Our son feels keenly this money problem. So he is on the verge of going to work in a stove factory. You know as well as I do that such a job will doom him. He will end up as a common working-man . . ."

Writes big sister:



CALLOUSES

BURNING or TENDERNESS
on **BOTTOM** of your **FEET**

NEW INVENTION

QUICKER RELIEF!

Away goes pain and off come those callouses, ever so quick with the New Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! Soothe, cushion, protect the sensitive area. New in design, shape and texture. 630% softer than before! Patented thin Scalloped Edge, heart shape. Easily applied in an instant. Don't come off in bath or stick to stocking. Separate Medications included for quickly removing callouses. Cost but a trifle—greater value than ever. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Toilet Goods Counters. **Insist on Dr. Scholl's.**



Cushion bottom of foot where most weight is carried

NEW Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

More Prize Winners

Liberty's \$2,000

Words Within Words Contest

(Continued from March 30 issue)

Emilie Jones, Wilmington, Del.; Irving Katz, Brooklyn, N. Y.; L. O. Keeton, Memphis, Tenn.; John E. Kelly, Colwyn, Pa.; Elisabeth Klinger, Washington, D. C.; Peggie Kratzer, Urbana, Ind.; V. Krugloff, Nutley, N. J.; Mrs. M. Kucher, Philadelphia, Pa.; Althea I. Kuder, Allentown, Pa.; Mrs. M. P. Kyle, Charlotte, N. C.; Mrs. M. A. Lamme, Maplewood, N. J.; Florence V. Lane, Boston, Mass.; Matilda Lang, Roxborough, Pa.; W. A. Lerner, Jr., Shepherdstown, W. Va.; Alice Latt, Pullman, Wash.; Dorothy Law, Philadelphia, Pa.; Leila Lawrence, New York, N. Y.; Elizabeth Lawrence, Hudson, N. Y.; Sheldon C. Lawrence, Marysville, Calif.; H. L. Leavitt, Belmont, Mass.; Mrs. James N. Lennox, Indianapolis, Ind.; Tobias E. Levow, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Ross M. Lindsay, Bennettsville, S. C.; Elwood Lins, Dayton, Ohio; Mrs. Lutfie D. Lipps, Indianapolis, Ind.; Samuel H. Loeb, Philadelphia, Pa.; Marji Lokke, Duluth, Minn.; Hazel Lueck, Madison, Wis.; M. C. Mack, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. F. Madison, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harriet Mantone, Ozone Park, N. Y.; G. B. Marshall, Honolulu, T. H.; James J. Marshall, Honolulu, T. H.; Henry Martel, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lula Martel, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Anna Martin, Walton, Ky.; Norma A. Martin, Vineland, N. J.; Richard Mathies, Two Rivers, Wis.; Albert May, New York, N. Y.; Joseph N. Mayer, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Ione McAssey, Wheaton, Ill.; Mrs. Emmett McCarren, San Bruno, Calif.; Mrs. Rose McCloskey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Lillian McDonough, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. A. C. McKinley, Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. J. E. McKimney, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. W. H. McLure, Memphis, Tenn.; C. A. Mehegan, Inglewood, Calif.; Marie Mertes, Bellevue, Ky.; Jane Milne, Muncie, Ind.; Mrs. Helen Moorman, Orlando, Fla.; E. R. Morrison, Cleveland Heights, Ohio; Josephine B. Morrison, Cleveland Heights, Ohio; Robert F. Morrow, New Orleans, La.; Leo Munch, E. Toledo, Ohio; James Newell, Madison, Wis.; Mrs. Laura Niccum, Glendale, Calif.; A. M. Nichols, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; J. M. Nickerson, Nickerson, Minn.; Robert W. Nissen, Upper Darby, Pa.; Bae Oglesby, Bartow, Fla.; E. Toshi Okar, Beverly Hills, Calif.; M. B. Osherwitz, Cincinnati, Ohio; Alfred J. Otto, Rochester, N. Y.; Mildred S. Otto, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Charles Ovitt, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Mrs. C. H. Palmer, Jr., Los Angeles, Calif.; A. W. Pankrat, Liberal, Kan.; Lewis Pappert, Flushing, N. Y.; Edgar D. Paul, Penn Wynne, Pa.; H. R. Pearl, St. Cloud, Minn.; Mrs. La Trelle J. Pechacek, Austin, Tex.; Mrs. E. A. Peril, Fresno, Calif.; Mrs. Milford S. Playford, Ballston Spa, N. Y.; H. A. Prehn, Melrose Park, Ill.; Mollie Price, Philadelphia, Pa.; Adolf Radke, Fresno, Calif.; Ronald Reigart, Whitefish Bay, Wis.; Jack Richardson, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Reid Richardson, Norton, Kan.; J. Nat Robbin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Ella Mae Robinson, Hayden

(Continued on page 63)

"The kid tells me he has written to you about that frightful job at the stove factory. I know you will steer him right, and I want to thank you in advance. For him to drop to the level of a molder's helper would simply ruin the whole family. I teach English in the high school here. I have made many very fine friends in the upper class of society. I can help the kid make quality contacts if he will stay home and carry on his engineering studies. . . . We're all glad to help him. We don't want to drop into a lower level of society, after all these years of upward striving. . . ."

These letters arrived before the main show did. I give you the young man's lines complete. They round off the picture of a family crisis all too common in these days.

Dear Mr. Pitkin:

I finished high school a year ago, and have just found the first full-time job open to me. Now I am confused.

It is a job in a stove factory. I am to help a molder make stove legs. I carry the sand for him and help set up the mold into which they pour the molten iron. The factory is eighty-two miles from my home. So I would have to move to the distant town.

My wages will be only twelve dollars a week. Fellows in the factory tell me it is a dog's life. I am likely to be burned a few times before I get wise to the job. I may have to wait three or four years for any promotion or better pay.

Now, I've always wanted to study civil engineering and specialize in highway-construction work. I haven't money enough to go to an engineering school, so I'm studying away evenings and am making good progress. It seems to me that I'd do better to stay home with my parents and finish my engineering studies, as long as I can never go to college.

All my boy and girl friends hoot at the stove-factory job. They say it is all right for roughnecks but not for my sort. Some of my friends would cut me cold if I took the job. And I don't want to lose friends.

Stoves don't interest me at all. I dislike getting dirty all over. I dislike getting tired all over, too. I dislike living in a wretched mill town. Wouldn't I be wise to turn the job down?

L. M. P.

WHAT is my reply? Read it—and weep, if you must.

Dear L. M. P.:

Grab that job! Hang on to it as long as you land nothing better! Here's why.

Any start is better than any long delay. For not in the 100,000 work hours which you have in your life can you wholly live up to yourself, can you accomplish half of the things you have in you to accomplish.

It seems impossible, I know; but it's gospel truth that you'll push ahead faster, in the long run, with your civil engineering if you make stove

legs eight hours a day at the same time.

There are two outstanding reasons for this. One I've just told you: An early start is always best, simply because you lose the fewest priceless hours of active life by starting as soon as you can.

The other reason is this:

"An easy start is always wrong. A pleasant start is always dangerous."

Why? The human brain grows only through use. And no amount of hard use hurts it.

Each nerve in the brain needs insulation material around it in order to carry the currents to and from the muscles. At birth there is little or no such insulating on the nerve fibers; so the baby can't do anything with skill. For skill is the cunning pattern of many movements aimed at some task.

You make insulating sheaths grow on your brain nerves in about the same way you make calluses grow on your hands and feet. (Don't take this comparison too literally, of course.) By hard and oft repeated exercise.

YOU'RE a young man. You're still mentally half grown. You must speed up if you want to mature by thirty.

To grow up, you simply *must* start callusing your brain with the hardest, roughest drill within your power and within its endurance. Your years of easiest callusing are over. You must make up for lost time. And there is only one way of doing that. Treat yourself rough. Train as a great boxer, a marathon runner, or any other man of high accomplishment always must.

Now, how would you train for a heavyweight championship battle? Would you wear pillows instead of four-ounce gloves, on the theory that you needn't take punishment while merely practicing with your trainers? Would you refuse to box longer than ten minutes at a stretch throughout your training?

If you did, the odds, as the gong rang on the bout, would be about seven million to one on the other fellow. You know why. How can anybody master the skills of a ten-round battle by practicing in one-round spurts?

Now, my dear L. M. P., I suspect that some of your favorite school-teachers put over on you the notion that the best education is the kind which people acquire most easily. All our schools encourage this mad thought. See what easy books they use in classrooms! Notice the short class periods. The idea is that children lose interest in a subject if it is pursued for long; then they either cannot or will not learn the lesson. Therefore teacher must make all lessons as easy as possible.

What a cockeyed school! No wonder it turns out well polished little fools. In all learning, one iron law holds: easy come, easy go. Treat yourself rough, and your skill grows smooth and sure. As a learner, borrow all the trouble you can; you'll pay

off the debt later with gilt-edged successes.

Once you've learned, change the method completely. As soon as you've managed to run a mile over loose gravel in your bare feet and at top speed, make the task as easy as you can. You are no longer trying to learn. Now you want to win. Wear good running shoes. Pick a smooth course. Rest well before starting.

See what I'm driving at? Set your standard of performance while learning much higher than the standard you must live up to later. Then you enter the real world with skills beyond those demanded of you.

You could study at home, L. M. P., under a pleasant light in a quiet room, with mama bringing in a cup of tea whenever you grew tired. And in time you might succeed. But—

I'd rather hire you after you sweated around the hot stove legs; after you went home tired every night, and tottered up to your dingy bedroom to grind away at civil engineering until you fell asleep dog tired.

Why? Well, if you mastered the tasks of civil engineering while tired, dirty, and uncomfortable, you'd retain the skills more surely than if you'd picked them up under soft, pleasant conditions at home. Your brain has calluses all over it; so it works better.

So grab that job! It will teach you many things you must learn for your future career of civil engineer-

ing. You won't be wasting time unless you choose to waste it.

Keep in mind what I've already told you and my other Liberty readers. Every job is much more than making stove legs, or polishing autos, or pulling teeth, or surveying roads.

When you help a molder handle the sand and the metal as he makes stove legs, you also must fit into the factory as a whole. You must deal with other men there. You must develop teamwork. You must endure heat, noise, dust, and fumes as part of the day's work. Now, all these accomplishments will serve you well in later years when you take up civil engineering. For notice well! You begin as a helper with a surveying party, under an engineer. You cross hill and dale. You shovel your way through snowdrifts in winter. You swelter in

summer. You chop down trees, to get your line through. You eat whatever is at hand. In short, rough work and rough living and getting along with all sorts of people figure in the toil of a civil engineer no less than in the toil of a stove-leg creator.

You say you dislike strenuous work. Better get over that bad taste, son. If you don't, you'll never make a go of civil engineering in a highway construction gang.

You tell me that your friends scorn the stove-leg job. They look down on manual workers, on people with dirty hands and dirty necks. You say that some of them would drop you if you went to work in the stove factory.

To this I say, give up the people and keep the job. It is worth a lot. The people are worthless. Yes—and more! They are anti-American to their yellow cores.

I call them anti-American because they draw class lines between dirt and perfume, between overalls and well-pressed pants, between rough necks and white collars. They foster standards which, if accepted and practiced, will close a million doors of opportunity and will prevent millions of Americans from gaining the higher knowledge, skill, and character that come only through the hardest work at the hardest tasks. The sooner you drop such friends, the better for you.

I repeat: Take that job making stove legs. And send me your thanks ten years from today.

THE END

ON THE AIR!

Tune in on Let's Go to Work, a radio program of special interest to job-seekers. You can hear it over the Yankee network in New England and over WOR in New York every Monday at 8.30 P. M. Every week Herbert Hadel, a Darien, Connecticut, lawyer, interviews a number of unemployed men and women in the hope that possible employers are listening. Although he promises no jobs, hundreds are now at work in various fields as a result of contacts made over the air.



DUST DOODLER!

WHEN I SAW MY HUSBAND WRITE HIS NAME IN THE DUST ON MY TABLE I TOOK THE HINT. NOW KLEENEX IS IN THE DRAWER AND ONE QUICK SWISH KEEPS MY FURNITURE GLEAMING!

(From a letter by H. A. V., Detroit, Mich.)

I KISSED HER SISTER!

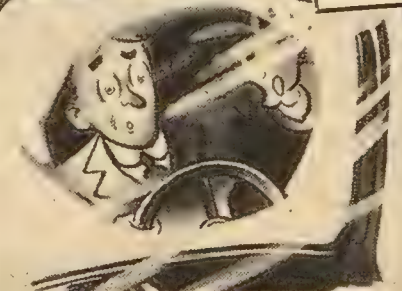
GETTING ENGAGED TO A "TWIN" WAS BAD ENOUGH... BUT WHEN I FORGOT TO CLEAN MY DIRTY SPECS. WITH KLEENEX AND KISSED MY FIANCEE'S SISTER... OH BOY!

(From a letter by D. U. H., New York, N. Y.)



"Tell me Another" says **KLEENEX** AND WIN \$5.00

for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX at 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



I WAS DRIVING BLIND

...UNTIL I STARTED KEEPING KLEENEX IN THE CAR TO WIPE MOISTURE, FOG AND DIRT OFF THE WINDSHIELD.

(From a letter by E. W. B., Birmingham, Ala.)

DID YOU KNOW?..

DURING COLDS ESPECIALLY, KLEENEX TISSUES SOOTHE YOUR NOSE, SAVE MONEY, REDUCE HANDKERCHIEF WASHING. YOU USE EACH TISSUE ONCE—THEN DESTROY, GERMS AND ALL. KEEP THE KLEENEX SERV-A-TISSUE BOX IN EVERY ROOM IN THE HOUSE—KITCHEN, NURSERY, BATHROOM AND BEDROOM, AS WELL AS IN THE CAR!

ADOPT THE KLEENEX HABIT!

KLEENEX ★ DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES

One Way Passage and A Bill of Divorcement, movie hits of yesteryear, prove they are still good cinema in 1940

★ ★ ★ 'TIL WE MEET AGAIN

THE PLAYERS: Merle Oberon, George Brent, Pat O'Brien, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Binnie Barnes, Frank McHugh, Eric Blore, Henry O'Neill, George Reeves, Frank Wilcox, Doris Lloyd, Marjorie Gateson, Regis Toomey, William Halligan, Wade Boteler, Victor Kilian. Screen play by Warren Duff from a story by Robert Lord. Directed by Edmund Goulding. Produced by Warners. Running time, 99 minutes.

THE movies are retracing their steps and redoing some of the top stories of the past. This was One Way Passage and it was a magic film of its time. It's still good cinema.

Two doomed people meet in the Bar of All Nations in Hong Kong. She, at best, has but a few months to live, marked as she is with a consuming heart ailment. He is an escaped murderer, condemned to die at San Quentin. Chance causes them to drink a toast together. Next you find them bound for San Francisco on a Pacific liner. He has been captured; she is seeking a moment's respite from the blackout that faces her. Since there is no means of escape, the altruistic detective lets him have the run of the ship. So the two meet again. It is not until the end of the voyage that each discovers that the other is headed toward death.

Merle Oberon and George Brent play these two pawns of destiny. Miss Oberon gives an outstanding performance, touched by a singular sensi-

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

tiveness and a genuine beauty of feeling. Brent is less successful. His escaped killer is a little too phlegmatic for our liking. But he isn't uninteresting. Pat O'Brien, too, does the goodhearted sleuth to the hilt.

This has grip and effectiveness. It will hold you to the final fade-out.

VITAL STATISTICS: Remember this as done in 1933 by Kay Francis and Bill Powell? A fine film of its day. . . . Merle Oberon has been so ill from flu that her next film, Somerset Maugham's *The House on the Hill*, has been postponed for the time being. Merle was born on the island of Tasmania, daughter of a British army officer; lived for years in India. Made her first hit as Anne Boleyn in *The Private Life of Henry VIII*

with Charles Laughton. . . . Binnie Barnes was the Catherine of Henry VIII in that same picture. Binnie, by the way, speaks perfect French, so the phony Parisian accent here came hard. . . . That fight in the water was done in the studio tank. O'Brien and Brent plunged in and fought it out—for over fifteen takes.

★ ★ ★ A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT

THE PLAYERS: Maureen O'Hara, Adolphe Menjou, Fay Bainter, Herbert Marshall, Dame May Whitty, Patric Knowles, C. Aubrey Smith, Ernest Cossart, Kathryn Collier, Lauri Beatty. Screen play by Dalton Trumbo from the drama by Clemence Dane. Directed by John Farrow. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 74 minutes.

IF you have a movie memory you recall the 1932 filming of this Clemence Dane drama with Katharine Hepburn and John Barrymore. It was a tremendously arresting screen play of its day.

The background is the quiet English countryside and the story reveals what happens in the home of Hilary Fairfield when he returns suddenly after twenty years in a madhouse, his family weakness set on fire by shell shock. In the interim his wife has obtained a divorce and is about to

Merle Oberon and George Brent play with feeling the ill-starred lovers of 'Til We Meet Again.



marry another; his daughter has grown up. But to poor Hilary it is all as if he had just stepped out of yesterday. To him nothing has changed. What is to happen to his wife, who long ago has buried her dead love? What is to become of the daughter, also about to marry, now that she finds there is hereditary madness in the family?

Maybe you recall Miss Hepburn's glorious performance of the girl, Barrymore's touching, moving portrait of the bewildered veteran. This new filming is excellent, Maureen O'Hara giving a vital characterization of the young girl. Adolphe Menjou is less successful as the war-torn father, but there is a stand-out study of the bitter narrow-minded aunt by Dame May Whitty.

VITAL STATISTICS: The play, *A Bill of Divorcement*, was first produced in London in 1921. C. Aubrey Smith created the role of Gray Meredith, here done by Herb Marshall. In this film Smith now does Dr. Alliot. . . . Maureen O'Hara's age has been given as everything from sixteen to twenty-two. Actually she was born on August 17, 1920. Maureen has been seeking a cure for nail biting for years. Hollywood has it. She applies artificial nails and, since they do not taste right, she thinks she has effected a cure. . . . Although Dame May Whitty and her husband, Ben Webster, English producer and actor, have averaged two trips to America a year, they maintain the same home in London into which they moved after their marriage forty-eight years ago. Recently they shipped their valuable bric-a-brac to California to escape possible air raids. . . . Herb Marshall loaned his collection of English prints to adorn the living room and library walls of the English home in which most of the action develops. Seventy-six prints, insured for \$10,000.

★ ★ SAFARI

THE PLAYERS: Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Madeleine Carroll, Tullio Carminati, Lynne Overman, Muriel Angelus, Billy Gilbert, Thomas Loudon, Clinton Rosemond, Jack V. Carr, Ben Carter. Screen play by Delmer Daves, based on a story by Paul Hervey Fox. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 83 minutes.

THIS should be an object lesson to rich wanderers who try to buy their romance. The wealthy Baron de Courland takes the lovely Linda Stewart on his swanky yacht to the West African coast. He plans to win her during a wild-game hunt; she is willing to be won—at her own price. Then the baron makes the mistake of hiring Jim Logan, a dashing American adventurer, as his guide. Jim quickly teaches the spoiled Linda that love is everything.

Sounds moviesque and not a little theatric, but Madeleine Carroll and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., play the philandering blonde and the hardy hunter pleasantly and the proceedings are passably interesting.

All this is a manufactured and none too believable romance, but it is filmed expertly and with some color and atmosphere.

VITAL STATISTICS: The seventy-foot stern-wheel river boat, twenty feet wide, constructed for the film, sank abruptly, tossing principals and forty extras into the water. . . . Much of the hunting stuff was done in transparency, inside the studio. Thus Doug could stand in California and shoot a lion in Africa. . . . Fourteen Indian elephants (borrowed from a circus) with fourteen pairs of ears that didn't belong to them, worked in the picture. African elephants have different hearing appendages, hence the false flapping pairs, six feet across.

Short Review:

★ ★ **STAR DUST** (Twentieth Century-Fox). Linda Darnell is promoted to stardom in this story of Hollywood, a fable practically retelling her own career to date. Miss Darnell is pretty in this pallid yarn, but she doesn't know much about acting yet. (90 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

★★★★—Rebecca, Pinocchio, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, The Grapes of Wrath, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Gone with the Wind, Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live, Ninotchka.

★★★½—Virginia City, The Fight for Life, My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage, His Girl Friday, Of Mice and Men, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Great Victor Herbert, The Light that Failed, We Are Not Alone, First Love.

★★★—Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene, The Biscuit Eater, It's a Date, Johnny Apollo, Primrose Path, The House of the Seven Gables, Too Many Husbands, Strange Cargo, Dr. Cyclops, Buck Benny Rides Again, Seventeen, The Shop Around the Corner, The Fighting 69th, The Blue Bird, Slightly Honorable, The Earl of Chicago, Everything Happens at Night, Remember the Night, Destry Rides Again, Geronimo, Four Wives, Tower of London, That's Right, You're Wrong, Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties.

ARE YOU A MOUSE, LION, OR FOX?



MOUSE

Scared to pieces that his breath is bad, but doesn't know what to do about it. Should always keep some **CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS** in his pocket.



LION

Pleased with himself at all times, having firm conviction he is a social lion and never dreaming that his breath could be bad. Doesn't think of using **LIFE SAVERS**, but would be much wiser if he did.



FOX

Realizes that, like all people, his breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Uses **LIFE SAVERS** regularly, not only for breath-insurance, but because he likes them.

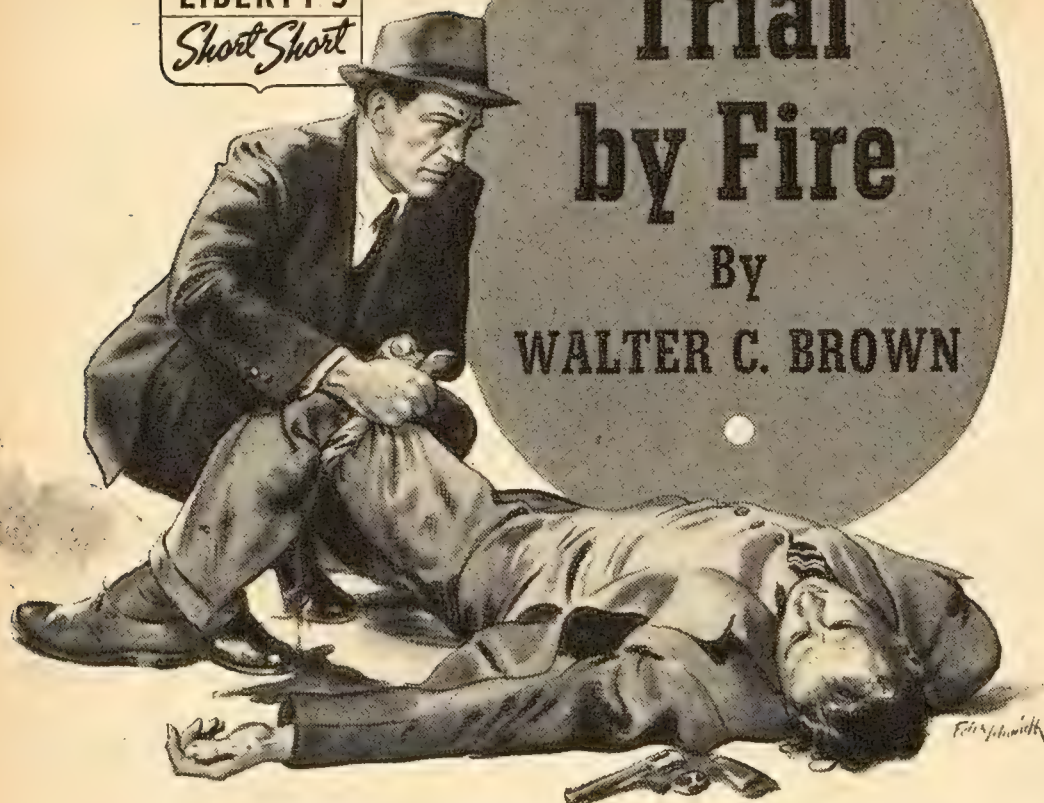


CRYST-O-MINT is one of 13 delicious flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢. If you want a thrill—try the brand-new, yummy flavor—**BUTTER-RUM**.

LIBERTY'S
Short Short

Trial by Fire

By
WALTER C. BROWN



READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHEN I woke up, I was lying on the floor. I tried to sit up, and memory came back with a jolt, for pain came with it. Plenty pain. The rattling crack of Vince Cesaro's black .45 seemed to echo still in my ears—the spurt of flame, the red-hot drive of pointed steel into my flesh. I suppose I groaned, for a voice reached me from a blur of shadow—Steve Gannon's voice.

"Take it easy," he said. "Burke's gone to call the wagon. He's the officer on the beat. When he heard the shooting he came on the jump."

"What about Cesaro?" I asked.

Gannon gave an abrupt upward nod. By twisting my head I could see the ladder which led up to the roof of the loft building. The trapdoor was open to the sky. It didn't take a master mind to figure out how Cesaro had made his getaway.

Well, our stroke of luck in finding Cesaro's hiding place at last had gone up in smoke—gun smoke. Only pain remained as a souvenir—pain and Steve Gannon. Under my breath I cursed both.

Because we work in pairs on the Homicide Squad, I had drawn Gannon as my partner. That was a funny one, since I was the one man who had tried to talk Captain Merritt out of taking him into the squad.

And tonight's business settles that! I thought grimly. Gannon is through—washed up.

The fact was, Gannon had shown a yellow streak. With my own eyes I'd seen him fumble his draw when Cesaro sprang out at us, then jerk aside at the gangster's rush, jostling my gun arm, which was all the time Cesaro needed to open up with his .45.

"I'm trying to hold a tourniquet on your leg," Gannon said now. "The bullet must have cut an artery."

I looked down and saw that he was holding with both hands to a piece of dark rag twisted around my thigh.

"You haven't got it tight enough," I complained.

"I tried," Gannon replied, "but I can't get it tighter."

"That's great!" I snarled at him. "First you blow up in the clutch so I catch Cesaro's slug, and now you can't handle a tourniquet. Join the Boy Scouts and learn something!"

"I'm sorry!" Gannon muttered. "I know it's my fault you were hit—"

"You went yellow on me, Gannon!" I snapped.

I heard Gannon's throat move like he was trying to swallow. "I want to explain why I—"

"Save your talk for Captain Merritt," I rapped back. "You'll need it after I turn in my report!"

"I've got to get it off my chest," Gannon insisted, a sort of muffled desperation in his voice. "I owe it to you, after what happened here tonight. It's true—what you said. I was afraid—scared—yes, yellow!"

"Then why in hell did you join the force?" I growled.

"This fear of mine—" Gannon said slowly—"it wasn't just fear of Cesaro, or of being tagged by a bullet. It was fear of what I might do afterwards—" He drew a deep breath. "Listen," he said. "I hate to say this, but my father was a coward—a physical coward. I saw the yellow streak come out when I was a kid. I was with him on a hunting trip.

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

There was an accident, and he was shot. Just a flesh wound, but they had to probe for the bullet, and he went all to pieces. He screamed and struggled like a madman—

"I had idolized him, but it made me so ashamed for him I went out and hid in the woods—and cried. I didn't know how deep a mark it had left till I joined the force and ran into gunplay for the first time."

Gannon paused, twisting at the tourniquet. His breathing now was louder than mine in the quiet room.

"It was out at the Black Forge Inn, the night I went after the Dooley mob. Dooley came out shooting. When he swung his gun my way, I stood there paralyzed. That other scene with my father leaped into my mind. I wondered if I'd scream and get hysterical with pain and crack up like he had. I was afraid of what might be hidden in my blood—

"Dooley's gun missed fire and we took him, but I couldn't shake off that fear. It was always at the back of my mind when we went into action. It jumped at me tonight when Cesaro pulled his gun. That's why I fumbled. . . . Well, that's the story."

His voice dragged to a stop, and in the silence I heard a drop of blood splash on the floor.

"All right, Gannon," I said. "At least you didn't try to cover up or bulldoze me about it. As man to man, I'm sorry, and I'm not holding anything against you personally; but this is no racket for a guy that's gun-shy."

Gannon made no reply to that; he just sat there crouching on his heels and holding fast to the tourniquet.

Then, "There's the wagon now!" he said suddenly. His voice still sounded strained and shaky.

I passed out cold when they lifted me onto the stretcher, and when I came to again I was in a hospital room, and Captain Merritt's broad face grinned at me from the foot of the bed.

"How d'you feel?" he boomed.

"I feel swell," I said, trying to match his grin. Then I remembered. "Cap, there's something I've got to tell you about Steve Gannon—"

"I've heard about it already," Merritt said. "Officer Burke told me. Say, Gannon sure had his nerve with him, going up there on the roof by himself, after you were hit, with Cesaro waiting behind the chimney to pick him off. And, by heaven, he got him—one of the slugs went right through Cesaro's heart. Then he came down and sent Burke running for the wagon, while he sat there holding fast to that leaky leg of yours, and him bleeding from two bullet holes all the while." Merritt slapped his palm with a square fist. "And that's the guy you tried to tell me was hiding a yellow streak! I guess you take that back now, eh?"

"Yes," I said, "I take it back. And you tell Gannon I said he's O. K. Get that, cap—he's O. K.! He'll know what I mean!"

THE END

Beginning Next Week

\$2,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

**For Quotations From
Bernarr Macfadden's
Editorials . . .**



Such widespread interest has been created in the forceful, alert Americanism of Bernarr Macfadden's editorial page, which deals with every important phase of national well-being, that Liberty has arranged to make these editorials the basis of a new prize contest.

\$2,000 in cash will be awarded to the readers who submit the best sets of quotations best illustrating the Macfadden ideal of American patriotism. The rules of the competition will be published next week in the same issue in which the first of the editorials involved in the contest will appear.

If you are one of the many hundreds of thousands of readers who follow Mr. Macfadden's editorials regularly, here is a great opportunity to turn your interest into financial profit. If you have been intending to read these editorials but have found the lure of a serial, an article, a short story, or some other favorite feature too strong to resist as you open your magazine, now is an excellent time to discover why so many others turn to the editorial first. If you are not a regular reader of Liberty, this contest will add a worth-while source of information and entertainment to your library.

Plan now to build a winning entry in this instructive game. Start with the editorial by Mr. Macfadden in Liberty next week. Your chance to compile a set of quotations that will earn a substantial sum is excellent. Make the most of your opportunity. Watch for Liberty dated June 1, on sale Wednesday, May 22.

A LIBERTY BALL IN YOUR CITY!

From coast to coast patriotic groups are preparing to sponsor brilliant dances, Liberty Balls, dedicated to appreciation of the blessings of American Freedom and Liberty. Each will honor a local beauty as Liberty Belle. Profits dedicated to a local charity. Interested civic organizations may obtain complete information by writing to Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42d Street, New York.

(Continued from page 58)

Lake, Idaho; Mrs. Jessie N. Rowland, Atlanta, Ga.; Adam J. Scheuer, Rochester, N. Y.; Erwin L. Selk, Mattoon, Ill.; Milton Shulman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. M. Sickles, Elkins Park, Pa.; Mrs. Hadden Siler, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. George Smith, Bear Lake, Mich.; Mrs. H. J. Smith, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Jeanette Snyder, Bryant, Ind.; Joseph P. Stein, Jr., Winchester, Va.; Robert Stephens, Macon, Ga.; Mrs. Lucy Swift, Rochester, Ind.; Lawrence R. Thompson, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Mrs. Ina K. Thurman, Sevierville, Tenn.; Conley O. Townsend, Johnson City, Tenn.; Mrs. A. W. Trissen, Upper Darby, Pa.; Mrs. Marjorie Truitt, Snowden, N. C.; Chauncey Vercell, Torrington, Conn.; C. B. Walker, Columbus, Ohio; George W. Walker, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mildred L. Ward, Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. J. F. Watson, Mobile, Ala.; Bess Webb, Humboldt, Kan.; Ralph E. Weller, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; Ben H. Wells, Charlottesville, Va.; Maxine Wilkerson, Humboldt, Kan.; H. E. Wilkinson, Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. Dot Winnemore, Colwyn, Pa.; Edith E. Wormwood, Deep River, Conn.; W. F. Willis, Los Angeles, Calif.; J. L. Woosley, Carlisle, Ark.; Mrs. R. M. Yankee, Rome, Ga.; Mrs. Warren Yeagel, Jenkintown, Pa.

HERE ARE THE WINNERS LIBERTY'S \$2,000 STARGAZING CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE, \$500

JAMES P. BEISEL
Hot Springs, S. D.

SECOND PRIZE, \$200

VIVIAN E. CRISWELL,
South Bend, Ind.

THIRD PRIZE, \$100

MARGARET O. GOODALL,
St. Louis, Mo.

TWENTY PRIZES, EACH \$10

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200 PRIZES, EACH \$5

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(Continued in an early issue)

GERMAN PROFESSOR JEERS AT VAN PAASSEN

GRAINAU, GERMANY—I decided to send Pierre van Paassen's article, Can Hitler Conquer America? (February 17 Liberty) to Professor Karl Haushofer of Munich. His comments will be interesting to you and your American readers, as well as to your editor, who fell for the pro-English propaganda which van Paassen has admirably concealed behind a devilish clever construction.

I was in the newspaper game in the United States for forty years, and hardly anything can be put over on me.—J. W. H. Emmert.

[Enclosure]

After I had read the article by van Paassen in Liberty which you were good enough to send to me, the main im-



pression that formed itself in my mind was a feeling of strange and singular amazement over what fantastic nonsense (not to say madness) the reading public in the United States has to submit to.

Then I studied the picture of the author for a while until I understood how he happened to write such dangerous fables. Rarely I have seen a face which so clearly indicates that he is a "pathological friend of untruth."

As you can easily prove yourself whenever you come into Munich, there is no geopolitic institute, but only a very modestly endowed chair at the Munich University teaching geopolitics, which is held by Dr. Gustav Fochler-Hauke; while I—on the threshold of the seventies—have retired from my professorship.

Naturally, I have seen and recognized as well as you the cloven hoof of pro-English propaganda; but I never

would have thought it possible that such rot can be offered in print to the not uneducated American reading public.

If I ever had prophesied such an imbecility—that the fleet of England and the army of France would be used for the conquest of the United States—I should have had to oust van Paassen from a cell in the insane asylum, where he surely belongs.

Germany is in the midst of a serious war for her independence and for her existence in Middle Europe as against the insolence of two imperialistic world powers, and she takes this war too seriously to harbor such thoughts, which to the seemingly otherwise unemployed fantasy of American readers may be less absurd than to us.

When and if people start to hatch such fantastic lies, then a serious reader is at the first powerless against it, because all he can do is to shake his head and ask, How can any man hatch such fables? How is it possible to find a man who pays for them and prints them? And how educated is the reading public which reads such stuff?

I shall send the article as a curiosity to the geopolitic institute at the University of Berlin, where the students can be shown what stuff may be offered to a serious reading public in the United States without discrediting a magazine. I have to thank you that you have enabled me to do that, although I cannot see that the article redounds to the honor of Macfadden and his Liberty—and, to be entirely open, much less to the honor of a great country in which such things may be written, read, and taken seriously.

It looks bad for a cause that is compelled to fight with such weapons, but bad also for a human race which permits a country of the size and the accomplishments of the United States to answer such propaganda with anything but a soul-liberating hilarity.—K. Haushofer.

[On the other hand, van Paassen has been accused by some Liberty readers of sowing public pro-German propaganda in his article! You can take your choice, apparently.—Vox Pop Editor.]

PATRIOTIC EDITORIALS

DENVER, COLO.—Please allow me to express my full appreciation of Liberty's firm stand on the things that made the United States of America

the great and fine nation that it is.

I believe Mr. Macfadden's patriotic and sensible editorials are a real service to the citizens of this country.—C. R. Harwood.



FINDIN' A BIT OF BROGUE

POTTSVILLE, PA.—Mr. North of Ireland, from Queenston, Ontario (April 13 Vox Pop) writes that "there is no true Irish brogue spoken today." Well, if the gentleman will come here to the coal regions, he'll be after tahlkin' to many lads and lugs who are wahlkin' a piece way up to the bahll-field, and he'll be after findin' a bit of the brogue from the ould country right here. He will thaht.—Mrs. Ethel Roads Garrett.

STAMP STORY? YES!

LAWRENCE, KAN.—As one of the nine million stamp collectors in the United States, I heartily endorse the suggestion of Marius H. Bataille (April 13 Vox Pop).

You in printing and publishing are this year celebrating the five hundredth anniversary of the invention of printing, and stamp collectors are observing the hundredth anniversary of the issuance of the first adhesive postage stamp—the famous Penny Black.

There could be no more appropriate time than this for publishing a stamp story.—W. C. Hail.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Would suggest that you tell us something about American business men who have hoarded millions in unused United States stamps as the "only investment upon which they cannot lose." I have two friends here both with over \$10,000 worth of unused United States stamps. They show a "paper profit" per year of 10 per cent. Unused United States stamps are always good for postage, and the Post Office Department will refund in full on them (with a little red tape).—Paul Brindel.

"Americans have been safe for so long they have grown naïve," asserts M. Abbott of Indianapolis, Indiana. "It's pitiful!"

WHERE DO GULLS ROOST?

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.—As I live on Long Island and see so many sea gulls, I wondered if you could tell me where they roost, also where they nest and have their young?

I have asked many fishermen around the beaches, and none of them seems to know.—Miss E. Manzke.

[Usually, gulls nest in swamps near the coast or on rocky cliffs; occasionally they nest in trees. They breed in colder regions than they inhabit in winter, so your fishermen might well be ignorant of their nesting grounds.—Vox Pop Editor.]

"We weep and wail over the plight of European refugees, while in our own government reports the word that appears so often is 'malnutrition,'" says Phyllis Lucas of Los Angeles, California, "which simply means starvation!"

INDIAN WHISKERS

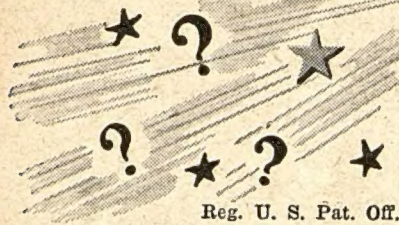
PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Answering the criticism of J. L. McAllister (April 6 Vox Pop) concerning the whiskery Indian of your February 17 Liberty cartoon, it is true that most Indians are sans the facial adornment, but, on the other hand, there are numerous individuals among the various Indian tribes who can show a considerable crop of chin spinach.

As a general thing their beards are quite thin, but I



have seen members of the Winnebago tribe of Wisconsin and Nebraska who are good safety-razor-blade customers; and only today I noticed a Navaho on the streets

POP



of Phoenix sporting a very commendable mustachio.—
L. A. Welbaum.

¶ "Government of the people, by the people, for the people has degenerated into despoiling of the people, by the lawyers, for the politicians," sums up J. H. Laurie of Jacksonville, Illinois.

GRANDPA WAS FAST, TOO!

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—A man selected for jury duty was being questioned.

"Ever been arrested?" asked the commissioner.

"Yes, once," replied the prospective jurymen with some embarrassment.

"When?"

"1906."

"On what charge?"

"Speeding on a bicycle."—
Ezra Marks.

HIS BLURB: ASININE BURP

HURON, S. D.—It burns me up to find something labeled "true" and find a silly disgusting lie. I refer to Initiation, a *True Short Short*, by Burton Rascoe (April 13 Liberty). To begin with, the Krag rifle was and still is an excellent weapon. Ask any Spanish-American War veteran. And Mr. Rascoe would have us believe that Jake



could tell they were no good by just looking at them.

Also, Mr. Roosevelt was a capable, honorable, gallant soldier, and all respect and honor to his memory, but any one who knows will tell you that he was a very ordinary rider.

Finally, a giant could not "wrap a Krag around a tree."

I call your "true story" an asinine burp!—*Gus Sullivan.*

PITKIN'S INSPIRATION

WAYNESBURG, PA.—Professor Walter B. Pitkin's article (April 13 Liberty) has given me more inspiration to use what I can, do what I can, and to live up to myself than has anything or anybody since I've been unemployed, now for nearly a year.—*Patrick Meighen, Jr.*

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Will you please ask our friend Professor Walter B. Pitkin if he has ever heard of a little thing called technological unemployment? You may "use what you can, do what you can, and live up to yourself," but, believe me, you live only once, and years spent preparing for one phase of work can never be reclaimed.

What, Mr. Pitkin, would you do for unemployment resulting from the fact that an individual is becoming too old to hold a job that could be filled by a younger man at less cost to his employer?

Mr. Pitkin, we all know that the cream of the crop is always on top. Three years of college has taught me that. But is this "democracy" to be every man for himself? There are always some whom we must carry, it seems. What about them?—*William A. Ogan.*

[The response to Professor Pitkin's practical advice on a leading problem of the day has been enormous. Met a real need!—*Vox Pop Editor.*]

GOERING AS AN EXAMPLE

SHREVEPORT, LA.—I say if Goering, being a dope fiend (April 6 Liberty), freed the German nation and re-employed millions in a poverty-stricken country, then I say we need a few dope fiends of

his type in the United States.
—*J. E. Broyles.*

SCHOLARLY DEMPSEY

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Well, well, well, so Jack Dempsey himself writes a scholarly article! (April 6 Liberty.)

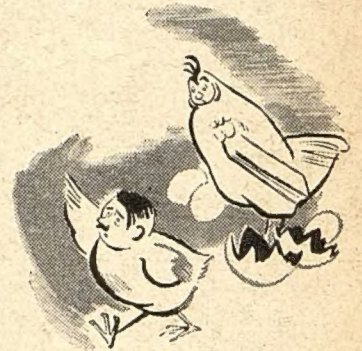
Fiddlesticks! Dempsey's lady secretary could have used those two-dollar words, but not the old Manassa Mauler, Mr. William Harrison Dempsey.

Jack is supposed to have written that he deliberately waited Tunney out.

Gentlemen, Jack never planned a fight in his life. He only knew one style—slug-slug-slug.—*Butcher Boy.*

eggs had cooled, which is usually fatal to the embryo chicks. The hen continued her nesting, however, and, as you might have guessed, one egg hatched, and that egg was "Hitler."

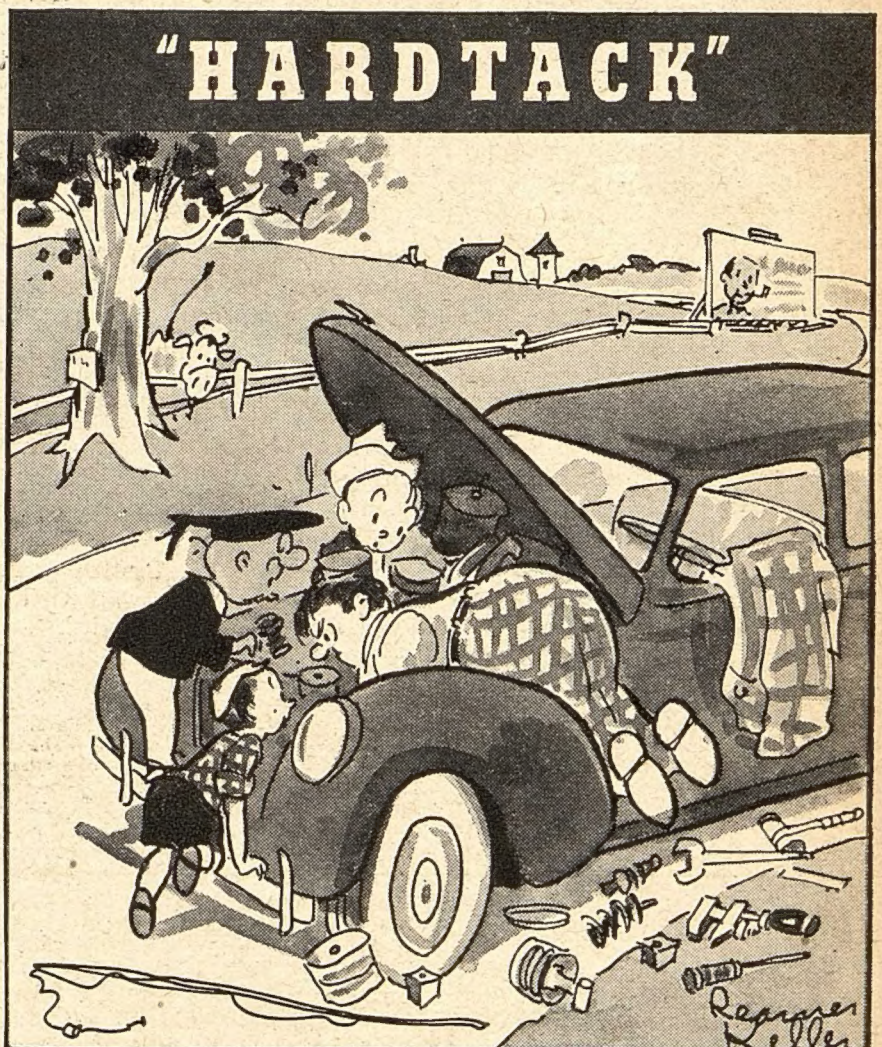
Does all this mean that Hitler is a good egg?—*Art Kelley.*



BLUENOSES LOOK FORWARD

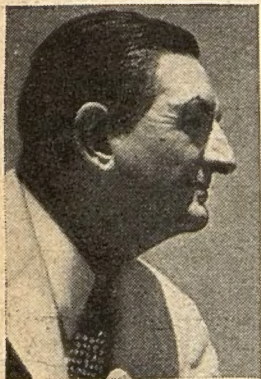
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Long research has convinced me the average reader starts a serial merely to finish it. But every bluenose who has read the efforts of Tommy ("Screwball") Manville is looking forward to more. As he says about his marriages, encore!—*Hank Breen.*

¶ "As for the neutrality we worship and praise," scoffs Tom Fielding of San Diego, California, "it's merely an advertisement of our voluntary bankruptcy in brains, brawn, and ordinary morality."



"Something wrong, mister?"

Paper Defenses Are Not Enough



FULTON OURSLER

GENERAL
Robert Lee Bullard, who has frequently discussed military problems of the United States in Liberty and warned his fellow countrymen of the need for strong modern defenses, speaks out again next week in a ringing article. The General warns America

that paper plans do not make an army; that we still lack *balanced* preparedness. He finds our army woefully unready, and he believes that we are misled by "releases," promises, and plans emanating from official sources. He cuts down to the quick in a vigorous and candid analysis of the "grim truth." Bluntly he reveals our deficiencies, weaknesses—and points out our needs. This is a challenging article, vital to every citizen. General Bullard speaks from the vantage point of age and experience—but

YOUTH ALSO FINDS A VOICE
in our next issue. Young people soon to come fresh from their graduation exercises into a practical and greatly disturbed world speak their minds on the subject of jobs. Betsey Barton has undertaken the laborious task of polling them for their views and she has broken down the results of her findings into an intensely interesting article: The Jobs We Want. Another great feature next week will be the long awaited announcement of the prize winner in the Cartoon Contest conducted jointly by Liberty and America's Town Meeting of the Air. The first-prize cartoon will be published, together with a list of the other prize winners, whose drawings will also appear in later numbers. This contest aroused a great deal of interest throughout the United States. Hundreds of fine drawings were received and there was an embarrassment of riches for the judges in deciding which artist had best exemplified the idea of the Town Meeting, the gathering of free citizens to express their opinions on problems that affect them.

NOT SO SERIOUS
are other contributions in our next table of contents. There is, for example, the article, I Married a Latin, by Grace Hegger Lewis. The author, who also wrote a popular book called Half a Loaf, tells of her second marriage to a South American gentleman whose idea of the wedded state is to keep it one continuous courtship. We counsel American husbands to read this first, and then to decide whether to hide the copy of the magazine from their wives. Also we counsel every American wife to be sure to get a copy of her own. In any case, it is an illuminating glimpse of one kind of genuine and beautiful married happiness.

A SCARLET RIDDLE
of the sea is revived again in an interesting anthology of solutions for a crime by some of the leading detective-story

writers of the day, including Rex Stout, Kurt Steel, Anthony Abbot, Philip Wylie, Frank Gruber, Achmed Abdullah, and Clarissa Fairchild Cushman, beaded together on one crimson string by Edward Doherty. The problem itself derives from an ancient true story of a ship that was found off Cape Cod, all its crew missing, with the exception of one young man who told a strange wild tale. The great John Quincy Adams defended him in court, but confessed that he could not be sure his client was telling the truth. Read these various solutions and see if you can settle the matter for yourself. The various writers are all members of a new organization of detective-story writers which calls itself "The Body Had Disappeared Club."

Frederick L. Collins begins a series of stories about candidates for our second Valor in Citizenship award with a thrilling tale taken from real life, called Death in the Bonfire. There are three fine stories in addition to the regular Short Short—I'll Love You Till I Die, by Micheline Keating; Ed Shoots It Out, by Walter Brooks; and Old Man's Heart, by Phyllis Duganne. And of course there are full installments of the current serials and the usual departments.

WAR AND PEACE!
That was the title of the greatest novel ever written, the masterpiece of Count Leo Tolstoi. Yet now, in spite of the tawdriness and futility of war as the great Russian depicted it in his immortal story, war remains the outstanding problem of the human race. Nearer and nearer it comes to all the individuals in the world. It comes to the door of the Chinese coolie and the Ethiopian hunter. It is in Norway, it is in Canada, it is creeping all over the world. One night recently I went to see a play which dramatized, in poignant fashion, the struggle that must come to every human heart when the individual faces a madened world. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are appearing in Robert Sherwood's new play called There Shall Be No Night. The title is derived from the Book of Revelations and its promise of enduring peace to come. The scene is laid in Helsinki, and the play begins in the days before the Russians came upon the Finns. Mr. Lunt plays the part of a great scientist, a Nobel prize winner, whose service to mankind is profound. He doesn't want his son to go to war. Yet, when the invasion comes, not only his son must go, but he too is needed at the Mannerheim Line. His friends urge him to escape to America; he is too valuable to the world to risk his life even doing medical duty at the front. Yet—and here is one of the incalculable mysteries of the human heart—as one watches him confront this decision there is the feeling that he could do no less than die with his fellow countrymen. The play is not so much a play as a pamphlet standing behind the footlights, the pages turning act by act. There is one scene in which the German consul enunciates the Nazi program for world empire. He reminds the scientist that every empire has been built on slave labor, and that the Nazis, using in Finland the Russians as their tools and elsewhere doing their own work, are following a program of world slavery

for world empire. To hear him tell of that program is to have one's blood turn cold in the veins. I saw the play with a conservative Boston audience, and its behavior astounded me. They were deeply stirred, more as one is stirred by a lecture than by a play. The effect of this play was provocative. There was no attempt at an understanding of the other side of the case. It stirred a martial feeling. Is this the beginning of much to come?



THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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MAY 25, 1940**

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY J. F. KERNAN

IT WAS A **BLOW-OUT**
...BELIEVE ME THERE'S
NOTHING WORSE

YOU'RE WRONG—
SKIDS ARE EVEN MORE
DANGEROUS!



Why Argue? New Goodrich Tire Protects Against ***BOTH*** Skids and Blow-outs

READING TIME: 55 SECONDS

Do you know what happened when we asked thousands of motorists this question: Which are more dangerous—skids or blow-outs? About half said "skids." And the other half said "blow-outs." Which is plenty of proof that **BOTH** are mighty dangerous and that you, too, need Goodrich Safety Silvertowns.

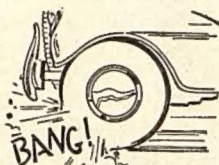


★ ★ ★ ★

Silvertowns are the only tires that give you the Life-Saver Tread and the new, improved Golden Ply... the greatest "safety combination" ever offered against both skids and blow-outs. Think of it! The "windshield-wiper" action of the Silvertown's Life-Saver Tread actually sweeps wet roads so dry you can light a match on its track. No wonder this tire will stop you quicker, safer on a wet pavement than you've ever stopped before!



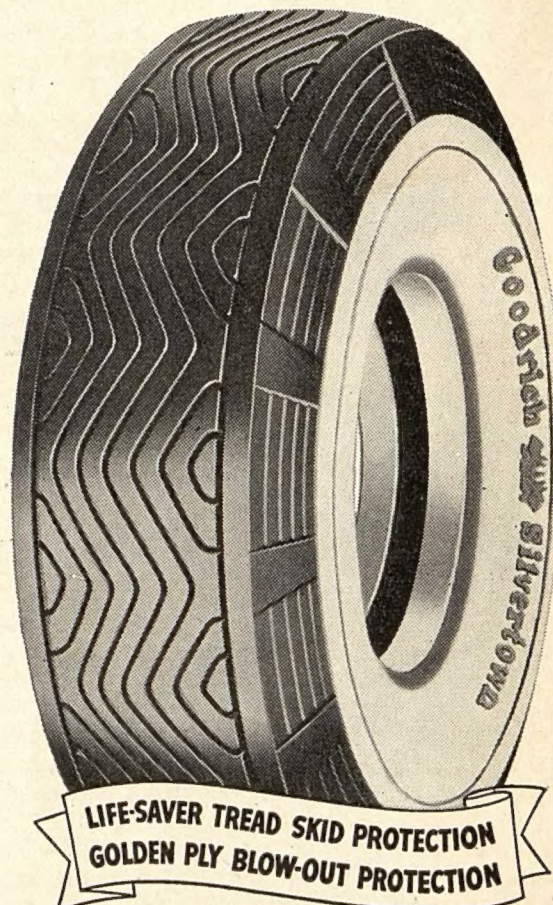
Ever feel how hot the outside of a tire is after it's been run fast? That's nothing compared to the heat *inside*—the internal heat that causes so many high-speed blow-outs. That's why this Silvertown has the new, improved Golden Ply that resists heat—protects you against high-speed blow-outs.



Don't risk "half-way" protection in tires—especially when you can get Silvertowns *right now* on the liberal Budget Plan available at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers.

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How would you like a miniature reproduction of your 1940 license plate on a key chain—for only 10¢? Drive in to your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store and ask them to get one for you. No obligation. Only 10¢ to cover cost of handling.



LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION
GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

PLAN TO SEE JIMMIE LYNCH'S DEATH DODGERS AT THE GOODRICH ARENA . . . N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR



● Actual color photograph of Mr. King inspecting some "better-than-ever" tobacco!



**"Yes ma'am, it was Uncle Sam...
who made tobacco better than ever!"**

"And Luckies always buy the cream," says H. R. King, 15 years a tobacco buyer.

"Credit sure does go to U. S. Government scientists," says Mr. King. "The past few years they helped farmers grow tobacco the like of which America has never seen.

"As I've bought over 4 million pounds

of tobacco at auctions from Florida to Kentucky, I've seen that Luckies snap up the prettier lots of these finer tobaccos.

"So I smoke Luckies, and others in my line do, too. I mean independent buyers, warehousemen and auctioneers."

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO
BEST... IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

HAVE YOU TRIED A *LUCKY* LATELY ?